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Life's Prizes.

Keeter bite, papa! Just see there!"
The red speck swelled on the round arm fair,
The mosquito's kiss had been given there,
And the child was proud of her punctured skin,
And the right to fret like her grown-up kin.

'Keeter bite?" Verily, I've had mine,
Puffing and swelling and smarting fine:
Scratch 'em and show 'em, then they'll shine.
Who would be singular? all alone,
With no red irritant boast of his own?

"She was a baby!" But who has met
The grown-up child who was satisfied yet,
Till his grievances gave him the right to fret?
Ah! we all come short of our perfect bliss,
Till we're able to show the mosquito's kiss,

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh,
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

THE OLD CIDER MILL.

Yesterday they tore down the old cider-mill at the Lynches'. Its place, or rather its office, is to be taken by a little cast-iron one set in the stable.

Odd enough it will seem to go past the Lynch farm now, and miss the old mill, for it was a very conspicuous object where it stood, three or four rods back from the house, with its great hopper and mash-wheel encircled by the deep-trodden path where old Sib used to plod endlessly through the brisk October days, grinding all the cider apples of the neighborhood. And there were the great posts and cross-beam of the press, massive pine timbers, eighteen inches square, that had a certain Cyclopean look, fit to make a boy stare, and put large ideas into his head. There, too, were the big, steaming heaps of tan-colored "pummy" (pomace), and the great sour-smelling trough into which the ground apple fell and was thence conveyed to the hoops.

For several seasons, however, the huge wooden jack-screws have been out of the lofty cross-beam, and the mash-wheel has grown toothless. Indeed, the old mill has never been quite itself since the Maine (Liquor) Law made a revolution in the neighborhood. But the great pine posts stood fast, and bade fair to do so for another half century, to the wonder of strangers.

"Say, old fellow! is that the gallows?" a passing "runner demanded of Uncle Billy Clews, who, one day, sat nodding under the balm-o'-Gilead, a little beyond.

Now, Uncle Billy has always been a steady consumer of the beverage of which the old mill may be considered a shrine, and was even at that moment a little under the potency of its influence.

"Gallus!" quoth the old fellow. "Wal, fust an' larst it's served me a sight wuss than a gallus end 'a' done."

It may be remarked that Uncle Billy stoutly denies this confession in his sober moments. It is only when "half seas over" that he frankly owns how sadly drink has ruined him.

But at present my story relates to the last years of the old mill's active career, during which it was at certain seasons put to a special, but less legitimate use, the precise nature of which long remained a mystery. This was when the Lynch girls, then verging toward young womanhood, were all at home,—Lucreesh, Cad, Jess, and Lorette, a merry lot, rosy, and "full of the old cat."

We had a custom in that neighborhood—a custom not confined to that neighborhood, I may add—of hanging May-baskets, a sort of paper valentine, made basket-form to hold more substantial tokens than mere poetry; but, as the writer has already described this custom in a former number, nothing need here be said concerning it, further than that the hanging part was generally followed by a hot pursuit of the hanging parties, who, if caught, were subject to no end of laughable ignominy. The Lynch girls, swift of foot as Diana herself, sometimes captured the lads who ventured to append favors to their door; and then came the droll part, the part which has to do with the old cider-mill. Whenever they had caught any of the boys, there would be plenty of exultant *pow-wow* while they took him back to where the old mill stood, then extravagant ejaculations, often yells of genuine distress, and no end of humble begging. The girls did something to him there at the old cider-mill. What it was, whether they stuffed his mouth with "pummy," or pinched his toes in the mash-wheel, was not very clear to the other lads. And of the three or four boys they had thus misused, not one could be got to tell what the girls had done to him,—it was something he didn't like to talk about.

Now, I will wager that some one of my readers is saying that he should just like to see the four girls that could hustle him back to that mill and stuff *his* mouth with ground apple! Well, sir, I should just like to see how you would go to work to help yourself, with four girls all laughing and pulling at you. What would you do? Double up your fist? Ah, but you know that it's morally impossible to hit one of the soft, calico-ey things,—after you've doubled it! It's about the best way to let 'em work, and bear it all with your best grin.

This sort of thing had been going on for two springs, when, late in May, a cousin (some degrees removed) of the writer's came on from New York, where his father resides to make us all a visit, and stay through the summer. His name, as he wrote it, was Horace G. Melcher, the G standing for the late great editor; but we knew him as "Hod" simply. I wonder whether Mr. Greeley's early playfellows used to call him Hod?

Well, Hod was a pretty good sort of fellow. Of course he had on a few airs; but then we expect them in city boys—at first. They do have a good many advantages over country lads, and I don't know that it is anything more than fair that they should snub us a little. Hod, by the way, was then thirteen past. He ridiculed the "style" of the young ladies of the neighborhood; and, no doubt, they seemed different from the girls he had been used to seeing. But he took a very lively interest in May-baskets; and, although May had seen given place to June, we still kept up the fun on odd evenings,—only they were no longer May-baskets, but June-boxes,—every fruit in its season.

Thanks to the good counsels which our mutual playfellow, Tom Edwards, and I gave him, Hod had thus far kept out of the clutches of the fair Lynches. But, like many another, he soon got impatient of advice. He didn't see the good of skulking behind fences and into bush clumps. He was very certain they couldn't catch him; indeed, he would like to see the girl that could catch him in a fair race. He grew bolder; and one night (the third June-box, I think), the door opening close upon our knock, he dashed out into the road, yelled, and ran off in full view of his eager pursuers. We heard him go down the road a full pound, with a spiteful pit-pat of girls' shoes hard behind.

Very possibly he might have escaped then; but, coming where the unfenced common skirted the road, he assayed to tack off across it. Here a treacherous stone-hole masked by high brakes and blueberry-bushes received him all in a heap. The next moment the pretty Philistines were upon him. A peal of triumphant laughter from the common told us the rest; for Tom and I, meanwhile, had hurried off back of the house, past the old cider-mill, and plunged into the thicket of balm-o'-gilead sprouts which had sprung up about the trunk of the old tree. Throwing ourselves full length under this green coppice, we lay quiet. The twilight had not quite faded out in the northwest; in the east the rim of the late-rising moon was just peeping over; it brightened as Hod's captors came back with him. Every few steps there would be a tussel; the prisoner seemed a good deal inclined to resist. Then followed by an invariable "No you don't, sir!"

"Now, don't hold a fellow so!" we could hear Hod remonstrating. Then the girls would laugh mockingly, and exhort him to come along, telling him how ungallant it was to run away from young ladies. "Now, don't tear yourself away! See us home, do! We've got something pretty to show you—something you'll like!" etc.

On they came past the house, and made straight for the cider-mill; then we heard the boards rattle and the old wooden screws squeak. Secretly tickled, and not a little curious, Tom and I got our heads up and peeped out from amongst the sprouts.

"Now, what's the use!" Hod was pleading. "I say, you girls, what are ye going to do to a feller?"

Then came a prolonged scrimmage. Round they went, all over the backyard. Hod was making a desperate effort to get away. No use; they held on to him and brought him under the high posts of the press again, all panting.

"I'll be blamed," whispered Tom, "if they hain't got him up on the bench where the pummy-hoop is!"

Then came another struggle and clatter. "Now—now—now, please don't!" ejaculated Hod, But the wicked sprites only laughed the louder.

"There," muttered Tom, "if they haven't got him into the hoop and got the follower down on to him! Good gracious, Kit! I believe they're going to squeeze him! They're turning the screws!"

We began to be a little alarmed for Hod. Not that we thought they would "squash him up" knowingly; but they had an enormous power in hand; and girls sometimes lack discretion.

Creak—creak—squeak! We could see Cad and Jess turning the levers to bring the screw-heads down on to the follower. Lucreesh and Lorette were holding the follower over him.

"O, you'll make a splendid cheese!" they were saying.

I don't think Hod fairly divined their intentions until the follower began to press him. Then he squirmed in good earnest; but they had him hard and fast.

"Now, boy," says Cad, "what was you at our door for?"

"To hang a June-box," said Hod, candidly.

"O, you was! Who was it with you?"

"I don't want to tell that," said Hod, honorably.

"Don't you?" *Creak—squeak.*

"Oh!" *Creak—squeak.* "Oh!—Tom Edwards—Oh-h! and Kit—Oh-h-h!"

They eased up, laughing as only such a mischievous pack can.

"Where did Tom and Kit run to?"

"I don't know," said Hod; and really he did not know.

"Try and think," says Jess. *Creak—squeak.*

"I honestly don't know!" vociferated Hod. *Squeak—creak.* "Oh!—up the road. Oh-h!—over into the wood. Oh! oh!"

Torture has made many a martyr lie, no doubt, when the truth wasn't satisfactory to his inquisitors.

"You're the fellow from New York, ain't you?" demanded Jess; "the one they called Hod!"

"Yes—yes! from New York! I'm Hod!"

"Hod is a droll name; what does it stand for?"

"Stands for Horace."

"Horace, what else?"

"Horace Melcher."

"Any middle name?"

Hod hesitated. He was then very sensitive about his second name, New York folks were laughing so much at his great namesake.

"Come, what's your middle name?" questioned Cad.

"My middle initial's G," replied Hod, trying to compromise it.

"Well, but what does that G stand for?"

No answer. *Creak—squeak—creak.*

"Oh, now!" *Creak—creak.* "Oh! —Greeley! — oh!—Horace Greeley—oh-h!"

Then they eased up to laugh over him, and says Lucreesh, "How much is your father worth, Horace Greeley?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Hod, irritated at the sound of his full name.

"Reckon again!" cried Cad.

We heard the screws going, and Hod very quickly arrived at different figures: "Oh!—forty thousand dollars—oh!" he roared out.

"That's good!" said 'Creesh. "But you don't like our *style*, I hear."

"No, I don't," muttered Hod.

"Don't you—now?" *Squeak—creak—creak.*

"O yes! I do! I do! I po!! O-h-h!"

"Would n't you like to kiss us, Hoddy?" said Cad, after a pause.

"I'd like to bite ye!" growled the oppressed Horace.

"O, no, no, no! There's a dear boy! Kiss us, won't you?" *Creak.*

"Yes! Yes! I will! Let me up!"

"I'm afraid you'll back out, if we let you clean out of the hoops," said Jess. "We'll let you part way up."

And the jades actually made him salute them all round, with his head just up over the edge of the hoop and the follower held ready to crowd him down again, if he bit, instead. Then they let him get out and go with a chime of "Good night, Hoddy," and "How do you like our 'style?'"

Hod made himself scarce forthwith. Tom and I waited till the "coast was clear," then crept out and went home. Hod had gone to bed.

Next morning I heard Tom asking him what the girls did to him.

"None of your business!" said he, shortly.

But afterwards, whenever we found it necessary to take him down a little, we would sing out, "Oh!—Greeley!—Oh!" That would "fetch him."

Ah, well, those days are all past and gone now, like the old cider-mill. Hod is of late junior partner in the mercantile house of Which his father is the head; and if this little story should come to his eye,—well, I guess he will stand it; he stood a worse pressure in the old "pummy-hoop."

The pretty Lynches are gone, too; they went "off to the factory;" and that was the last of them, so far as concerns our home neighborhood. Last spring, one of them (poor Jess), quite thin and faded, and with eyes preternaturally bright, came back to cough out the few remaining weeks of her life; the others are now part and parcel of that great, dreary factory-town,—an ever-hungry monster which has already devoured all the bloom and beauty of each rural neighborhood far around it.

Love's Young Drop.

A pair of picnickers of San Francisco had a thrilling experience the other day. There was a large picnic. It was over, and the company were waiting for the train at a station near a high trestle bridge. It was some minutes till train time, and a young couple thought they would take a walk on the bridge to enjoy the delights of love-making together with the sensation of looking down into the depths of the gulf beneath them. They had made their way about fifty yards over the chasm when a gravel train came shooting around a short bend in their faces. A deep cut had hid the train till it was almost upon them. It was an awful situation, and the lady comprehended it at once, and did not lose her presence of mind, as events proved. They could not possibly get off the bridge before the train would overtake them. The engineer whistled down brakes, but it was evidently impossible to stop the heavy train before it would be upon them. It was within a few yards, and the crowd of picnickers stood but a hundred yards off petrified with horror. There seemed to be no escape whatever for the luckless couple. Their mangled bodies would evidently be dashed into the chasm. The lady called to her companion to drop, and suddenly dropped herself. Both dropped just in time, and they hung suspended to a sleeper under the bridge while the long train passed over them. Thus they clung with their hands until some gentlemen of the company went on the bridge and rescued them from their perilous situation. They were unharmed, except torn clothing and a scratch or two, and they saved their lives by a scratch. It was the principal event of a very pleasant occasion, and was so thrilling that some of the ladies who saw the danger closed their eyes and fainted.

Spider Killers.

By general observation spiders are considered by entomologists to have a specific office, viz.:—To keep down the dangerous multiplication of winged insects. They occasionally seize a worm or stray caterpillar if they happen to encroach on their webbed territory. But entrapping flies is their forte. Insignificant and solitary as they are we could not dispense with their quiet services. Let spiders strike and for a single month in summer refuse to set their traps, we could hardly defend ourselves against armies of noxious insects, which would take possession of our dwellings.

But useful as they are, unobtrusive and vigilant as sentinels, in cellars, garrets, under the floor, in the hiding places of straying bugs, moths and creeping things, they have their enemies and are subjected to the rigorous demands of the same law under which they act, otherwise there would be too many spiders in the world, especially in Van Dieman's Land.

Just in the busy season of spider activity, when they are slaughtering their thousands, like Cincinnati butchers, a peculiar fly is let loose by nature to limit their multiplication. It is about the size of a wasp.

In fair weather they may be seen constructing cells of mud against walls and sunny, dry places. They are really poison dungeons. In company or alone they hunt whatever spiders are found, seizing them adroitly, and away they fly with their prisoners, which are forced into the cells, sometimes three or four in one. When secure, they drop in an egg, and then plaster over the top securely. When the egg hatches, the young worm has an ample supply of food all ready for consumption.

Lessons of Life.

Of the lessons that humanity has to learn, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous efforts, but have struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no result as efforts seem to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in the book, which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to vision. Those who stand on the high places of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means. They know not what it is to a noble mind to be obliged, like the worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not the strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor and beauty; they drink life's sweetest wine, and dance to a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real suffering of the poor; they love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their own narrow circle.

The Cause.

An article in the Memphis *Register* explains the circumstance under which persons residing in a part of the city distant from "Happy Hollow," where the disease originated, died of the yellow fever. It says that in no case has the disease originated in the better portions of the town, but that several persons who did business in the neighborhood of the Navy-yard and "Happy Hollow" contracted the malady and carried it with them to their homes, where they subsequently died. If this be true, the disease is not of that fatal kind, which, like the vomito in Shreveport, spreads every where, attacking the clean and the unclean alike, but it is due to local causes of filth and privation, and confines itself to the unsavory locality in which it first maintained itself with such destructive effect.

CHARM OF A GARDEN.—It is, indeed, the frequent change, the never-wearying variety, that is the main charm of the garden. You leave home for a little time, and when you return, lo! everything is changed. New colors, new forms, new perfumes greet you. There are fresh flowers on the stem, fresh fruit on the bough. Few things are more enjoyable than a first walk in one's garden after an absence from home. Few men who are really fond of gardening ever care to be long away from their household gods. It is, indeed, one of the most salutary effects of a love of gardening that one's thoughts seldom turn towards the delights of vagrancy and the charms of strange places.

Treasury Notes.

The following are the balances in the U. S. Treasury:

Currency less amount paid for bonds purchased in New York, and not reported	$14,751,988
Special deposit of legal tenders for redemption of certificates of deposit	11,350,000
Coin	84,026,280
Including coin certificates	34,225,300
Outstanding legal tenders	356,000,000

The Battle of Golden Hill.

A Stepping-Stone to the Revolutionary War.

The "Battle of Golden Hill," in New York City, was one of the first steps towards the revolutionary war. A flagstaff had been for years a bone of contention between the Sons of Liberty and the soldiers, and had been four times destroyed by the latter. On the 13th of January, 1770, a party of soldiers again attacked it, and cutting off the wooden braces, made fruitless attempts to blow it open with gunpowder. Failing in this, they assaulted a number of citizens standing by a public house, which was the headquarters of the Sons of Liberty, and forced them into the house at the point of the bayonet. Doors were barricaded, but the soldiers broke in and demolished windows and furniture, and were only prevented from further destruction by the timely arrival of their officers, who ordered them to their barracks. They subsequently succeeded in their attempt, and leveled the pole to the ground, sawed it in pieces, and derisively piled it up before the Sons of Liberty's door. Three hundred citizens assembled that night at a public meeting upon the common. Resolutions were passed declaring unemployed soldiers to be dangerous to the peace of the city, while their employment by the citizens when off duty was detrimental to the interests of the laboring classes, and should therefore be discontinued. They further resolved that all soldiers under the rank of orderly, except sentinels, who should appear armed in the streets, and all, armed or unarmed, who were out of their barracks after roll-call, should be regarded as enemies of the city and dealt with accordingly.

The next day three soldiers were detected by two citizens, Isaac Sears and Walter Quackenbos, in the act of posting a scurrilous placard abusive of the Sons of Liberty. Sears grasped one and Quackenbos the other, while the third soldier rushed upon Sears with his bayonet to free his comrade, but Quackenbos, seizing an old ram's horn which happened to be near by, hurled it into his face and placed him *hors de combat*. Twenty soldiers came to the rescue with drawn bayonets, while the unarmed citizens seized upon the cart-stakes and defended their comrades. The riot was increasing, every moment great numbers being added upon both sides, when Mayor Hicks came upon the scene and ordered the soldiers to their barracks. They sullenly yielded obedience, retiring as far as Golden Hill, in John street, between William and Cliff streets, closely followed by the citizens. Here they were met by a reinforcement, headed by a presumed officer in disguise, who gave the command to halt and charge upon the people. A few who had been able to obtain weapons placed themselves in front of their defenseless friends, and a battle ensued, in which numbers were injured on both sides. A peaceable Quaker standing in his own door was wounded in the cheek, a sailor at a distance was cut down, a boy, wounded in the head, fled to a neighboring house for shelter, and as the door was kindly opened by a woman, a brutal soldier thrust his bayonet at her, fortunately without injury. The citizens surrounded the hill and blockaded their enemies, but acted on the defensive, repelling attacks, when they might easily, if disposed, have massacred their enemies. The officers at last arrived, when the people at once opened their ranks and raised the siege, ending the first day's battle.

The next morning the soldiers commenced the conflict by insulting a woman returning from market. The people gathered in groups and discussed this and the events of the preceding day. About noon a group of sailors and a party of soldiers came into collision, a sailor being wounded by a bayonet run through his body. The Mayor ordered the soldiers to disperse, but they refused. A messenger was sent to the barracks for their officers, but the soldiers intercepted him. Just then a party of "Liberty Boys" returning from a game of ball, came to the rescue and the soldiers were dispersed, hostilities ceasing for a few hours.

In the afternoon they were renewed. A group of citizens having assembled in front of the new jail, a party of soldiers approached them in a body and insultingly endeavored to force their way through, when the citizens quietly opened their ranks and gave them free passage. Not satisfied with this, the soldiers then assaulted the people, who had only stones to defend themselves. The "Liberty Boys" soon came to the rescue, when a sharp conflict ensued, the soldiers being driven to their barracks, their arms taken from them, some badly wounded and others arrested and committed to the jail for trial, thus ending the two days' battle of Golden Hill, one of the stepping-stones to the battles of the Revolution.

A Strange Duel---Both Run Through.

Col. Lay (rising with a profound bow) to a California reporter: Yes, Colonel, I have been engaged in forty-two affairs of honor as principal and second, and I concur with you fully in your suggestions. It is the duty of a second to prevent a resort to arms if possible. I recollect in one of the first duels I ever fought I came very near losing my life by having a fool for a second. He allowed me to fight the best swordsman in Europe with a rapier. I, at that time, was not so proficient as I am now in the use of that weapon, and considered my life as good as lost, but met my antagonist, and after parrying a few of his thrusts, was compelled to allow him to pass his sword entirely through my stomach, the point coming out at my backbone. As I stood thus transfixed, it occurred to my mind to do an act which I have never heard of being equalled before or since. I, with my left hand, with remarkable presence of mind, coolness and firmness, seized my adversary's blade, holding it so firmly that he could neither turn it or pull it out, and in that position plunged my sword entirely through my adversary's left breast up to the hilt, just one inch and a half above the heart; and, what is remarkable is, that we both recovered.

Killing Mosquitoes.

A novel method of killing mosquitoes has been discovered which deserves to be patented. But we disclose it to our readers, unconscious that we thereby infringe anybody's rights. The apparatus required is simple, consisting of a broomstick, the cover of a tin blacking-box, and a nail. The inside of the cover should be anointed thoroughly with kerosene oil, and then nailed, hollow side up, to the end of a broomstick. The method of operation is equally simple: clap the machine over the nearest mosquito on the wall or ceiling, and hold him prisoner for a moment. Then his body will be found adhering to the oil at the bottom of the cover, the fumes having put an end to his existence. Sometimes a strong-headed individual will reel about a while before he keels over and dies. By an industrious use of this machine a room can be entirely cleared of mosquitoes.

The New York *Herald* has been indicted by the Grand Jury for publishing lottery advertisements.

Mother-Love in a Rat.

Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Taylor, Dunaway & Brothers, lumber merchants, on Eighth street, relates an incident of which he was an eye-witness at his lumber-yard, that strongly illustrates that universal feeling, mother-love, which so pervades all animal life.

In removing the last boards of a stack of planks, a rat's nest, with nine young ones, was found underneath. The little rodents were about the size of mice, and were able to crawl about at a lively rate. An old-fashioned wire trap was procured the young rats put into it, a weight put on the top, and it was left on the nest and watched. The trap was a semi-sphere with a funnel-shaped entrance in the top and a lifting-door in the side.

After waiting some half hour the mother rat made her appearance, showing evident anxiety about her litter. She hesitated some time before approaching the trap, but finally her affection prevailed, and she boldly ventured out within twenty feet, and in full view of the watchers. She ran several times around the prison that contained her young, tried the wires with her teeth, and made many demonstrations of solicitude and distress. At length, finding that she could not get in to the young ones, she determined to bring them out to her. The manner in which she accomplished this showed something akin to that reason of which man is wont to boast that he is the only possessor.

Placing herself close against the wires she made a peculiar noise—a kind of gentle squeak—which immediately attracted the attention of her young, and they came to the familiar call. First one little fellow put his nose between the wires, and being a little encouraged and helped by the mother, who pressed her own nose between the same wires, thus spreading them a little wider apart, he squeezed his head through. In an instant she caught him by the back of the neck, and in spite of his squealing and crying under the painful process, she pulled him forcibly through the wires and ran off with him under a pile of lumber near by. Probably a minute elapsed before she reappeared, having deposited her rescued young one in safety. She was evidently encouraged by her success, and emboldened by the fact that she had not been molested, and proceeded to rescue one after another of her young, and in the same manner, until she had taken out eight.

The watchers then half-buried the trap in the loose dirt, and for a while the devoted mother was in great distress about how to get out the last of her litter. But she soon found that the little fellow couldn't reach her through the top, and she commenced digging down to him, throwing out the dirt eagerly as if incited to extra exertions by the lamentations of her young one. She burrowed just in front of the lifting-door, on reaching which she immediately entered, and to her surprise, found herself a prisoner. She had sacrificed her own liberty to her mother-love, and, as the event proved, her life also, for she was killed, though her labors and courage in behalf of that feeling which is instinct in all, and which is probably the most sacred impulse of the human heart, should have won mercy from her captors, and secured her from harm.—*Covington (Ky.) Journal.*

Newspapers.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. Our country newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured; then comes the demand for the city news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance the very next thing after family greetings, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomforted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Newspapers are just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefooted boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never fails. Give your children newspapers.

A Real Hero.

There is a heroism of humanity that deserves celebrating far more than that cowardly inhumanity which resorts to violence at the least provocation. Here is one act, for instance. Last summer, at a regatta at Courtmasherry, Ireland, several persons who did not know how to manage boats got into them, and one of them capsized within fifty yards of the shore. The boat contained two men and two women, and no other boat was near. The men managed to swim ashore, leaving the women under the boat to their fate. McCoy, who was sitting at a window a hundred yards from the beach, immediately jumped through it, a height of ten feet, and, rushing through the crowd to the shore, he swam towards the boat and found the legs of one of the women sticking out from under the gunwale. He dragged her out, swam with her to a lighter, and rested her on an oar, from which she was conveyed ashore and saved. He again swam to the boat, and, seeing some bubbles on the water, dived and, although nearly exhausted, caught hold of the other woman drowning. He succeeded in swimming with her to shore, supporting her with one hand while swimming with the other. The Humane Society very properly voted a silver medallion to the noble fellow. Of course, he was not lionized as though he had committed murder, but probably he will feel a good deal more comfortable. Hemp does not always conduce to happiness, especially when compulsorily worn about the neck.

KEEP ON.—One of Boston's esteemed citizens was in a well-known restaurant, partaking of the wholesome and invigorating apple-pie. Discovering something therein that seemed to have no legitimate connection with pie, he called the proprietor, and deferentially observed to him, "See what I have found in this pie—a piece of blue overall with button attached." The enterprising proprietor, not at all disconcerted, quietly replied, "Well, keep on eating: you may find the man."

"The Dignity of Labor."

Rev. Newman Hall has delivered a lecture on the "Dignity of Labor." Labor, he said, was the great law of the universe and of humanity. The structure of the human frame betokened the activity for which we were intended. Health could not flourish in an atmosphere of sloth; the muscle shrank which was not strung; the joint stiffened which never moved. So it was with our intellectual and moral powers. That which was intended for the temple of the Deity, without action and industry, became a melancholy ruin. Labor was so essential to the health development of our faculties that we could not at the same time be idle and happy. Labor of the brain was essential for directing the labor of the body. Sometimes one thought, such as that which led to the structure of the steam-engine, had produced greater results than if the author had worked with his hands for ten thousand years. The apostle, Paul said: "If they will not work, neither shall they eat, which meant that if a man had no right to the produce of other people's labor, if in some way he did not contribute to the common store. There was dignity in labor, because it was the obedience of God's command. Man, more than the brutes, was dependent on labor. He must make his own raiment. Some men were said to be independent. That was a mistake—none of us were independent; we were all dependent upon labor. While the man of toil owed much to the man of leisure, the man of leisure owed his very existence to the man of toil. Working people were more willing to listen to truth than the upper classes. While the aristocracy of Judea rejected Christ, and put him to death, the common people received him gladly. In like manner it was the workmen of Germany who upheld the reformation and supported Luther. In times of English prosecution, while there were men of gentle blood who advocated the cause of truth, yet it was the multitude of the comparatively poor who were ready to die for right, for freedom, and for God. Who composed those Ironsides, whose charge nothing could withstand? Who won for the English people their liberties? In the great struggle in America, who were the classes that chiefly and from the beginning recognized the truth and maintained the justice of the struggle for the Union? While there were distinguished people in all ranks who upheld the noble cause, yet it could not be denied that the majority of its advocates were to be found among the working classes. From the beginning to the end the working men of Great Britain supported the cause of the Union, and monster meetings were held night by night, at which most earnest resolutions were enthusiastically passed in favor of emancipation. Having enumerated some of the distinguished men who have arisen from humble positions, the reverend gentleman pointed out that the example of Christ in following the occupation of a carpenter afforded a mighty confirmation of his theme. Christ knew that the larger portion of his followers would be composed of the multitude engaged in manual toil. He knew their privations and the indignities they would suffer, and therefore he resolved to put his own royal stamp of dignity on their position. There was dignity in every kind of honest toil, and he who treated any body with indignity because of the nature of his occupation dishonored not the man but himself

To Cure Cancer.

Cancer has fallen into the hands of such stupid, reckless quacks, says Dio Lewis, that it is very difficult to speak of it with patience. I will give you a case which I think resembles yours. A slight, pale mother of forty-eight discovered a small tumor, in which she frequently experienced needle-like pains. Some one suggested cancer, and away she ran in great fright to a famous cancer-doctor. He assured her, in the most awfully solemn way, that it was a terrible case, and that if she had let it go a week longer before coming to him it would have been too late. He then proceeded to inform her that for three hundred dollars, half down, he would cure her. With great difficulty, and at great sacrifice, she raised the money, and put herself under his treatment.

He applied a plaster, which immediately made an open and very painful sore, which burrowed so deeply into the flesh that the tumor came out. She was now in a most wretched condition. As this lady's mother died of cancer, I fear that in her present exhaustion she may succumb to the same malady, for she is clearly in the cancerous or sc ofulous condition. In every case of cancer, it is not the tumor, but the condition behind the tumor, and which produces the tumor, which is to be treated. It is very doubtful if the knife or the arsenic plaster ever yet cured a cancer, while there is no doubt that a very large majority of the cases of cancerous tumors may be cured or entirely arrested, and brought within safe limits, by the following management:

1. Wear a wet compress covered with half a dozen thicknesses of dry flannel every night over the tumor.
2. Go out much in the sun.
3. Breathe *full* of the purest air day and night.
4. Eat the best beef and bread, and no trash.
5. Go to bed at eight o'clock, and sleep as long as possible. Lie down an hour in the middle of every day, and try to sleep.
6. Cultivate a cheerful, jolly temper.
7. Exercise freely every day in the open air.
8. Keep your skin open by a regular morning bath in soap and water.

This I have no doubt will cure you.

Saint Fanny.

Saint Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase. Now, her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now, one night, he returned tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut, and great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said, "I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband." And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St. Fanny opened, and the husband ate, and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as large as a hazzel nut; and so was Saint Fanny made rich for life.—*Douglas Jerrold's "Fireside Saints."*

Perfect Feet Things of the Past.

Many exquisites of both sexes claim admiration for their pedal extremities, but it is the boots and shoes which cover them which we are called on to admire. Their feet, if bared, would present a very great divergence from the classical ideal of beauty. The firmly planted foot, neither too large nor too small, but justly proportioned to the height and weight it sustains, the smooth surface and regularly curved lines, the distinctness of the divisions and the perfect formation of each toe, with its well-marked separateness and its gradation of size and regularity of detail to the very tip of the nail, are now to be seen only in art.

Peculiarities of the Ashantees.

The Army Officers, the Court and the Umbrella.

Now that the English-Ashantee war is attracting attention, anything relating to the latter people is of interest. A letter writer says:—

The post of general of the Ashantee army is not always a desirable one. When the army is dispatched the general is told to carry out certain operations, with the intimation that if he fails to do so and returns he will be beheaded. This promise is generally religiously kept if he fails to carry out his orders, and produces great activity and vigor among the Ashantee generals. In most cases, when an Ashantee army is about to invade a country, before taking any active steps, the general in command sends a list of his demands to the enemy, and two sticks, one short, the other long. This signifies that if his requests are complied with, the war will be short, and he will return, but that if they refuse it will be long and bloody. This occurred in the last Ashantee war, when Governor Pine commanded at Cape Coast.

Commassie is the capital of Ashantee, although not the most populous in the king's realms. It is a well built town, with wide streets. The king's palace, which is built of quarried stone, is a large and capacious edifice. It is two stories high, some of the rooms in it are of great size, and all are very lofty. Attached to the king's palace is the great court yard, where he holds his councils of the nobles. The king sits on a low throne, and the chiefs sit round—those of the highest rank being nearest to the king. A space in front of the king is always kept clear for the speakers, and whoever is addressing the assembly takes his stand there.

The Palace and the Bantammah are the two principal public buildings in Commassie. The two chief streets, or squares as they are called, are Market square and Cannon square, the latter taking its name from a trophy of European cannon in it. They were taken from the Dutch many years ago. In it the king sits in state and gives public audiences to his subjects. The population of Commassie is about 40,000. The most populous town in the Ashantee dominions is Salaga, the capital of the principality of Jabon. It is famous for its breed of horses, and is situated on the upper Volta, about 200 miles from Commassie.

The Ashantee army, when in the field, carries few banners or flags, and but little importance or honor is attached to them. What hold with the Ashantees the position which standards occupy with other armies are the umbrellas of the king and the chiefs. When the king of Ashantee takes the field his presence is denoted by his State umbrella, which is always carried near him or over him by one of the nobles of his household, the King's umbrella bearer being always a man of very high rank. The king's umbrella is of great size. It is constructed of alternate triangles of red and black velvet, and is splendidly ornamented with gold. To give an idea of the value of these umbrellas, the umbrella of a chief not of the first rank often costs £200. When the king takes the field his State dress consists of a light tunic of crimson velvet or damask, reaching from his neck nearly to his arms, of loose trousers of some similar material, and he wears a cap of crimson velvet, or at times a cloth of the same color wound round his head as a turban, with a profusion of gold ornaments about his person.

The loss of the king's umbrella in battle would be considered the greatest disgrace and defeat an Ashantee army could meet with; and in like manner for a chief to loose his umbrella in battle is a great dishonor to him. The chiefs all carry umbrellas varying in splendor and costliness according to the rank of their owner, but no Ashantee chief may have an ambrella as large as the king's, or with the same arrangement of flowers, which are specially reserved for royalty.

When the Ashantee army take the field their arms consist of a long musket, the barrel of which alone is five feet long. They are called Buccaneers, and they wear in their girdles a large spear-headed knife, which at close quarters is a very formidable weapon indeed. They carry their powder in a sort of leather case, and their bullets in a bag of native matting. A certain portion of the army, about one-fourth, are armed with short carbines or blunderbusses, which are loaded with several bullets at a time, and with pikes about six feet long.

The Ashantee army is raised in a manner not altogether unlike the manner in which a feudal army was raised in Europe formerly. Each of the great chiefs commands a body consisting of his own class or feudal vassals. In the regiment or division, if it may be so called, the companies or regiments, as the case may be, consist of the men brought in by the subordinate chiefs, each commanding his own body of retainers, and all the men in each of them owe feudal allegiance to the chief who commands it. Several of such clans or regiments are placed under the command of one of the greater chiefs. The regiments and divisions are distinguished by the different colors of their tunics and caps. Each chief is supposed to provide for the commissariat of his own men; but the king, whose revenues are very large, generally brings supplies of food for the common use to supplement private resources.

The king's revenues are derived principally from the gold mines, nearly all the most valuable mines being his own private property; and all nuggets found, no matter where, belong to him, while the gold dust belongs to the finders.

The crown of Ashantee descends in the female line, the sons of the king's eldest sister inheriting it in turn. The Ashantees place great value on having the blood of Sai Tootoe in the veins of their kings. Koffee Calcalli's heir apparent is the Prince Meussah, and the next in succession is Ana Qnassiah.

Jay Cooke & Co.'s Statement.

A statement of the assets and liabilities of the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, has been prepared by them, which is to be submitted to their creditors. The following is a summary:

Liabilities	$7,939,409.26
Assets—Bills receivable, bank insurance and other stocks, bonds, and real estate	7,867,640.12
Loans to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company on $3,750,000 of stock of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company	1,500,000.00
Loans to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, on bonds of the Company	4,068,215.09
Second mortgage railroad bonds, stocks, &c.	2,530,356.96
Total	$15,966

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 23, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1,50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash will receive the REPORTER one year free.

As Usual in Philadelphia.

The election, in Philadelphia as usual, was a farce—a fraud. There it is where the matter is "fixed" every year by the ring. It it so notorious that it is looked for as a matter of course, and a game so oft repeated that it scarce attracts attention. Were there an honest election in Philadelphia, radicalism would have no foot-hold in the state. We will let the Age tell the way it was done. It says: Another farce was enacted in Philadelphia yesterday under the name of an election. The elective franchise was outraged. The ballot-box was debauched. Rounders plied their trade unmolested. Repeaters practiced their calling in all the wards. Gangs of men were piloted from division to division, in one instance by a "Ring" candidate for Legislature, and voted upon names given them by their employers. Well-known citizens were personated by loafers and vagabonds, and when that fact was pointed out to the "Ring" officers, they disregarded the information and insulted those who sought to prevent illegal votes from being polled. All day in all parts of the city this disreputable game was carried out by the "Ring" officials. They had been instructed how to act, and promised immunity from all consequences by those in authority. Thus emboldened they first stuffed the ballot-box, and then falsified the returns to make them run in the same dirty and corrupt ruts. This is no political declamation. The farce is over, and we state facts known to all intelligent men in this city, no matter what their political opinions. They know the vote and returns of yesterday do not represent the true division of parties in this city. That fact is apparent as the sun at midday. All this work was accomplished under the operations of the Registry act, a measure concocted by the "Ring" for the purpose of robbing the people of their votes, and which they refused to annul when petiticned to do so by scores of the respectable men of their own party. Elliott and his gang knew the worth of the Registry act on election day. They tested it yesterday to the utmost, and the result is the return of the whole "Ring" city and county ticket by a heavy majority. The "Ring" candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court and State Treasurer were also returned as having large majorities in the city.

What do sober, thinking men of Philadelphia, men who have something at stake in its local government, think of the farce of yesterday?

It is now demonstrated that the ballot is a mockery; that elections have no meaning in this city. They are a part of the "Ring" machinery, and managed as all other movements of that corrupt body are, to suit a few men. And upon this system depend the property and personal rights of citizens of Philadelphia. They have no voice in the management of local affairs. They are set aside at the polls. They are not allowed to declare who shall rule the city. Are they content? That is all we have to say at this time in reference to the "Ring" farce in this city yesterday.

The result of the election in this county shows that John Irwin, jr., barely held his own in the election, on 14th. This is wrong, to so good a republican as Mr. Irwin; he should have run ahead; for we know he received some democratic votes, and yet he shows no gains. Why this shabby treatment in his own household? That he was cut by his own party, even in Bellefonte, is clear. If Mr. Irwin don't go back upon some of those chaps in the radical mushhouse, he shows no grit. We are glad he was shelved, although he did not deserve it at the hands of his own party. Hence we say to him, remember them—go for their noses when they smell around after something.

We have a good joke on Jimmy Lashell—and as Jimmy is a good fellow, we'd rather tell a good joke on him than on any other man. Now he is an honest man and sells goods cheap at Centre Hill—he is a great talker, and his great conversational powers draw many customers to his store, and people get bargains there. But men that say a great deal will naturally forget some of it. Now Mr. Lashell was heard to say, before the nominations, that if Orvis and Miller were nominated, he would vote for Orvis—just the choice that an honest and intelligent radical like our friend Lashell would make. But this slipped his memory,—and we all, occasionally, have that fault. So when the election came around, like a consistent republican, Mr. Lashell supplied himself with a straight republican ticket, Miller and all, and was about to go the "whole hog." Here Mr. Davy Gilliland stepped in and reminded his friend Lashell of a declaration once upon a time made, that he would vote for Orvis. But Mr. Lashell was oblivious to any thing of the kind, and Davy insisted that it was correct. Mr. Lashell declared if it could be proven he'd stick to it. David called Jim M'Clintick, and Jim said he'd heard Lashell make such a declaration, and that settled the friendly controversy; like a brave man of his word, Mr. Lashell stepped to the polls and in presence of Mr. Gilliland voted for Orvis. This was the best joke of the election day. It was bully for Lashell, bully for Gilliland, and bully for Orvis.

In another column it will be seen that the New York State Treasury has taken the radical disease to the amount of $300,000—namely, its radical cashier has robbed it to that amount. So it goes—Mackey does it in Pennsylvania, and gets re elected—it must be all right then. Well, all right, go ahead.

We regret to announce that John G. Sankey our nominee for county commissioner is defeated by 34 votes. Those democrats who voted against Mr. Sankey, and thus brought about his defeat, had no good grounds for the course they took. Mr. Sankey was a faithful public officer during the three years he acted as commissioner, and no act of his could be pointed to, or was pointed to, that was wrong. He always sustained a good character as a citizen, and he leaves the commissioner's office with an unsullied record. He was, besides, all his lifetime a staunch democrat, and deserved better treatment than that received at the hands of some of his democratic bretheren, who are to blame for his defeat. He was the regular and fairly chosen nominee of the party, stooped to nothing unfair—indeed, made no effort at all—to obtain the nomination, hence he should have received, as he abundantly deserved, the support of every democrat.

We again put up our rooster this week on account of the splendid victory of Waream and Orvis; only the bird is a little lame in one leg on account of the defeat of Sankey, yet it does not prevent his crowing over the defeat of the disreputable combination that had sworn to defeat Orvis.

We pity Levi Miller. The Reporter did not come down upon him very heavily during the campaign, because we did not think it necessary, for we believed, and predicted, that he would come out very small, and his mortification would therefore be certain. It was not intended, when Levi was nominated, that he was to be elected—a large number of delegates left that convention, and in our own hearing said they would not vote for him. We told him this, but he was deaf to our warnings. Now the evil has come upon him, and he is shelved, badly laid out, and feels so sick. Well he is a wiser man now, and knows that the Reporter, as always, told him the truth.

Now, since the election is over, we think that there would be no harm in Levi Miller telling which promise he really intended sticking to, the one he made to the liquor men or the one he made to the temperance men. Those "promising" young men are often cut off in the heyday of life.

For the information of Levi Miller, we wish to state, that his party nominated him by acclamation only as a burlesque—they wanted some fun at somebody's expense, and fixed upon him, and the fact is that his party enjoy the joke more than do the democrats. There was a "little" sympathy for Levi among democrats, but the jolly fellows in his own party only put a ribbon on him to pull him as a gim-crack.

In Lewistown Waream has 159 majority, and in the two adjoining townships 231 additional! These, with McVeytown, were the Ring's strongholds! Last year Hartranft had 21 in the borough, and 2 in Derry, and Buckalew had 6 in Granville.

Philadelphia, on Tuesday, 14th, gave a majority of 32,494 in favor of license.

Ohio.—Iowa.

The election in Ohio on last Tuesday 14th, resulted in a grand victory against the corruptionists, and the election of Allen, the regular democratic nominee for governor. The democrats have also carried both branches of the legislature, which insures the re-election of that gallant champion of purity and democracy, Senator Thurman, of whom the Buckeye state feels so proud, and well she may, for his record in the U. S. Senate places him in the front rank of American statesmen. The grant party made a hard fight to keep Ohio in line, but her people have enough of Credit Mobilierism, double salary presidents, salary grabs, ring rule, and they voted on the 14th inst., in favor of democracy and reform. That any state will continue to cast a majority for the radical party in the face of such corruption and plundering as has been practiced under Grant, is a matter of astonishment. We firmly believe, that were Pennsylvania free from the accursed ring influences which manufactures majorities in Philadelphia, our state would have spoken in thunder tones against the plundering Mackey and his thieving crew, who are persistently robbing the treasury of our state, and Pennsylvania would this day be in unison with Ohio, in condemnation of the wrong that is practiced upon the people. Thousands of honest republicans know and openly admit that the ringmasters are plundering the people wholesale and these are willing to turn them out by voting for honest democrats, but the frauds ballot-box stuffing and repeating of the ring, in Philadelphia and other radical strongholds defeat the honest voters.

Ohio has done nobly, better than the democrats looked for with all the odds against them.

In Iowa, on same day, the radical majority was beaten down from some 40,000 last year to 12000. We hope this is a sign of a re-action that will go on until every corrupt official in the country has been driven from the place he abuses. It is about time the people vote for a change.

The official returns of the election in this state, from 36 counties, show a democratic gain of 17,000 on Hartranft's vote, and the further fact is proven that the counties outside of Philadelphia would have elected the democratic ticket by a handsome majority. But the Mackey Treasury-Plundering ring fixed that matter in Philadelphia.

Grant's salary and perquisities amount to $127,000 a year.

The Huntingdon *Journal* is having a lawsuit with A. W Kenyon, treasurer of Huntingdon county, who refuses to pay a bill of $20 for service rendered during the campaign which resulted in Kenyon's election to an office which pays him $2,000 per annum. Our sympathies are all with the *Journal*. Politicians must be taught that fidelity to party don't require any editor to expend his time, money and brains for any man or set of men gratuitously.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

That's so. And no man with the soul of a flea would expect an editor to deny the various charges that are brought against him as a candidate and to keep him before the public, to enable him to realize both honors and profits, without paying for the services.—*Huntingdon Journal.*

The sentiments expressed above by two of our contemporaries are undoubtedly correct. An editor who professes to publish a political organ is bound to support in the main the principles of his party, as they are from time to time enunciated by the National and State Conventions, and at the same time give a general support to the candidates who represent them. But, when an editor devotes especial space, time, and labor to defending or presenting the particular merits and claims of an individual candidate, then for that extra labor he is entitled to compensation, just as the lawyer is, who devotes especial labor to the interests of his client.—*Lewistown True Democrat.*

That's so again—no honest, fair-minded candidate or other gentleman will dispute it—and few are the candidates who do. But we have known candidates mean enough to refuse to pay an editor after putting in all his editorial labors during a whole campaign to elect them. They are few though.

THE MONEY STRINGENCY.

Louisville, October 15.—The manufacturers are discharging their hands to a considerable extent. There is much complaint among the Nashville railroad employees, as they have not been paid off for August and September. The engineers threaten to strike if not paid to-morrow. The Ohio Falls car company has suspended operations until settlement can be made with the railroad companies for the large amount of work done for them. The rolling mills here have resumed operations after the temporary suspensions of one week. The banks which were obliged to suspend are all paying currency and doing business as usual.

The Golden Age thus goes for the slanderers of Horace Greeley.

During the toilsome months of last year when we were doing our best to urge the claims of Horace Greeley to the suffrages of his countrymen we were constantly told that Mr. Greeley was a man so unskilled in financial economy that his election would disturb the moneyed classes. Henry Clews & Co., Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch and other firms made themselves conspicuous by discrediting Mr. Greeley on the ground that his election would unsettle the money market. "Under President Grant," said they, "we shall have prosperity and ease."

But Grant's election has been followed by the very panic which it was expressly designed to prevent. Moreover the very firms that trusted to it for safety are the chief victims to their own false prophecy. Furthermore the conspicuous capitalists who last summer advocated Grant's election—we mean such men as Horace B. Claflin; Henry Clews, William Orton, and others, distinguished themselves on a recent Sunday morning by urging Grant to violate the law of the land in order to relieve them from a pinch and pressure which they were once sure could come only through the election of Grant's rival!

The campaign slanders which these professed exponents of the business community uttered against a blameless man a year ago have now been brought home, by a sort of avenging poetic justice, to their own doors, and find a strange commentary in their own misfortunes.

First National Bank of Athens, Pa., Robbed.

New York, October 15.—The First National bank of Athens, Pa., was robbed last Monday by five men who seized and bound the cashier. Twenty thousand dollars were taken, most ly specie deposits. While the cashier was working at his desk about 10:30 p. m, five men came in and gagged and handcuffed him. The vault doors and inner safe being open, the robbers secured everything that was therein and escaped. The cashier was found on the floor of the back office at six o'clock next morning not hurt, but in a state of nervous exhaustion.

The Right to Obstruct a Window.

Chancelor Bates, of Delaware, has decided that a man has not the right to close up his neighbor's window even if it looks out over his own ground if it has remained unobstructed for twenty years. The decision was made in the Court of Chancery, at Dover on Thursday last and the particulars are given by the Wilmington Commercial as follows. "M. J. H. Primrose of Smyrna, commenced the erection, over two years ago of a shed in the rear of his storehouse. The adjoining property is occupied by Dr. J. E. Clawson, and the shed, when completed would have closed up the window of the Doctor,s sitting-room. He therefore sued out a preliminary writ of injunction restraining Mr. Primrose from building the shed, and after the usual course of such cases, the matter has now been finally adjudicated by the Chancelor, the injunction being made perpetual, and Mr. Primrose being ordered not to build the shed.

"The Chancelor has held the case under advisement, since it was argued a year ago, and has given the question careful consideration, his opinion being exhaustive. He considered that the right to light and air, enjoyed without interruption for over twenty years, rested on the same ground as all other incorporated rights under the common law of England upon which he based his decision, he Stated that the constitution of the State adopted at the Revolution, 1776, accepted the common law of England for its governance; that for this particular case which was the first ever brought before the State courts, no law had ever been provided and therefore the common law of England must guide him in his decision that that law provided that where light and air been admitted to a dwelling from any quarter, uninterruptedly for a period of twenty years and over it could not be shut off and that under this ruling the Doctor was entitled to the light and air which had so long been afford him uninterruptedly by his window, and he should therefore make the injunction perpetual.

"The consequences involved in the decision may seem scarcely equitable in some cases, where a man will be forbidden to erect a building on his own property in such position as he may desire on account of the inconvenience it may cause to a neighbor, who has chosen to so locate his dwelling as to get light by way of No. 1's lot. In some of the States the English law of ancient lights has been rejected by the courts, on grounds of public policy as being inconvenient in the rapid growth of our towns and cities. The Chancelor without making any question on this point considered that the proper remedy was with the Legislature; that the province of the court is not to alter the law but to administer it as it is, and especially so where rights of property are concerned."

When Andrew Jackson was President he discovered that the United States Bank was in a rotten condition and he at once removed the public deposits and saved the people's money. President Grant, finding Jay Cooke, a national bank in a failing condition, at once withdrew his forty thousand dollars, and had it sent elsewhere in a tinbox, but paid no attention to the $187,000 of public funds deposited in that institution. He gave no thought of the people,s money, of which he is a trustee but only thought of securing his own dollars. This is only one example of his entire official career. He is for self—first, foremost, and al. the time.

NEGRO DELUSIONS.

For the last two years a negro preacher, by the name of Bobo, has been the spiritual head and adviser of one of the largest negro congregations in Spartanburg county, S.C. His church is situated about twenty miles south of this place, in a dense negro settlement, and so great was his fame as a minister of the gospel, that his members were found on all the neighboring, and some distant plantations. Bobo is described as a negro of gross ignorance, but blessed with that profusion of speech so often found in his race. He is said to be a good workman, but of very loose morals in everything but the strict keeping of the Lord's Day and an almost austere observance of the forms of religion. He thus possessed all those qualities necessary for a leader of his people.

During the last month a kind of revival has been in progress in Bobo's church, and a few days ago it culminated in one of the greatest religious demonstrations ever seen in this country. Bobo from preachin Christ went to preaching himself as "the new prophet high in favor." His doctrine was, that the Lord had commanded him to call together the children of Zion, and lead them to the promised land, distant but one hundred and sixty miles and where they would have wings and could fly, after much exhortation and many midnight orgies he said that the command to march had been received, that his disciples must sell all they had and without scrip or sword follow him. He thus persuaded some fifty or sixty to obey him The poor deluded creatures sold crops, stock, and everything they had at a great sacrifice. One man sold his crop said to be worth six hundred dollars, for one hundred and fifty dollars, another sold a cow and calf for one dollar and fifty cents; nothing could dissuade them from their purpose. They said it was the command of the Lord and they must obey. Just before they started the prophet said there was yet one more thing to be done. It was necessary to the success of the journey that *the oldest person among the faithful must be sacrificed*, because he being the oldest can tell the Lord most about any of us. On examination he oldest person was found to be a woman. She was taken and confined in an old outhouse until a stick of peculiar growth could be found with which she must be killed; she did not seem to mind her danger but rather to rejoice. She certainly would have been a martyr had it not been for the neighboring whites, who had to use some show of violence to release her, this was a damper on the prophet and his followers, but did not divert them from their purpose. Placing their smallest children and a few provisions in a two horse wagon they set out on their march. On the march several attempts were made to dissuade them from their folly, but without turning to the right or left with eyes upturned they went on without making any answers. The last heard of them they were crossing the mountains in the direction of Tennessee

AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE AND HER PARAMOUR SHOT AND KILLED BY THE OUTRAGED HUSBAND—"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

St. Louis, October 13.—Robert Austin, a young farmer residing about eight miles from Carrollton, has for some time suspected the infidelity of his wife. Friday morning last Austin left home, saying he was going to the St. Louis fair and would be absent several days. He went to the depot but returned home after dark and secreted himself in his wife's bedroom, armed with a double barreled shot-gun. His wife soon retired, and shortly afterward Elijah Haley entered the room, undressed himself and just as he was getting into bed Austin sprang from his concealment and fired at him but missed his aim, the shot entering his wife's abdomen Austin fired again at Haley and killed him instantly. The affair created intense excitement by reason of the prominence of all parties concerned, young Austin being a son of Colonel Austin, one of the oldest and wealthiest farmers of Carroll county. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Flournoy, a prominent citizen of Lafayette county, and young Haley a brother of Elder Thomas and Elder Henry Haley, both prominent in the Christian Church. Mrs. Austin died Saturday afternoon and Austin surrendered to the authorities.

TRIAL OF STOKES FOR THE MURDER OF FISK.

New York, October 17.—In the Stokes trial to-day the head-clerk of the Manchester House testified that he saw the prisoner at the Hoffman House before the murder, and had a conversation with him about the trouble with Fisk. Stokes said Fish was a "black-mailer and loafer," and he (Stokes) carried a pistol, and would shoot him. At this point Stokes lost his calmness, became flushed in the face, and was about starting to contradict him, but was restrained by his mother.

The prosecution closed their case this afternoon, reserving their right to call fur her witnesses to-morrow. Counsel for the defense then commenced his opening address, but became unwell before its conclusion, and the Court adjourned.

THE CONTSITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

In the Constitutional Convention on 2nd inst:

Mr. Buckalew moved to go into committee of the whole on the following, to be numbered section 84:

The offense of "boring" shall be defined and punished by law, and shall include any corrupt solicitation of members of the general assembly, or of public officers of the state, or of any municipal division thereof; and any occupation or practice as a common borer for or against the passage or approval of laws, the punishment for the offense shall be by fine and imprisonment. Agreed to—yeas 75; nays, 24.

Mr. Armstrong offered a substitute for Mr. Buckalew's substitute which was adopted, as follows:

"The offense of corrupt solicitation of members of the general assembly, or of public officers of the state, or of any municipal division thereof, and any occupation or practice of solicitation of such members or officers to influence their official action, shall be defined by law, and shall be punished by fine and imprisonment."

The section yesterday amended and agreed to relative to the county of Luzerne was reconsidered and further amended to read, "but no county included in this exception shall be divided without the express assent of of said county, by a vote of the electors thereof."

After several verbal amendments, on the call of the previous question, the article finally passed third reading.

The president presented the following note to the convention:

Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1873.—The Hon. the President of the Convention: I hereby resign my seat in the convention to which I was elected as a delegate at large

J. S. BLACK.

Judge Woodward's motion to accept this resignation was laid on the table, ayes 47; nays 35.

Mr. Church moved a new section, which was adopted, and the article passed finally—yeas 51, nays 24—as follows:

Sec. 1. No new counties shall be established which shall reduce any county to less than twenty thousand inhabitants; nor shall any county be formed of less area, or containing a less population, nor shall any line thereof pass within ten miles of the county seat of any county proposed to be divided.

Sec 2. No county shall be divided or have any part stricken therefrom without submitting the question to a vote of the people of the county, nor unless a majority of the legal voters of the county voting on the question shall vote for the same.

The Convention then took up article 12, relative to public officers, on third reading, which was amended and finally passed. It is as follows:

Sec. 1. All officers whose election is not provided for in this Constitution shall be elected or appointed as shall be directed by law.

Sec. 2. No member o Congress from this State, nor any person holding or exercising any office or appointment of trust or profit under the United States shall at the same time hold or exercise any office in this State, to which a salary, fees, or perquisites shall be attached

Sec. Any person who shall fight a duel, or send a challenge for that purpose, or be aider or abettor in fighting a duel, shall be deprived of the right of holding any office of honor or profit in this State and may be otherwise punished as shall be prescribed by law.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—The article on New Counties consists of a single section, as follows:

No new County shall be established which shall reduce any county to less than twenty thousand inhabitants; nor shall any county be formed of less area nor containing a less population; nor shall any line thereof pass within ten miles of the county seat of any county proposed to be divided.

Mr. Church moved a new section prohibiting the division or striking off of any part of a county without a vote upon the question by the people, and a majority in its favor. Adopted.

The Article on County Officers finally Passed.

The article on County Officers was next considered. It limits the terms of all county officers to three years, makes the Sheriff and County Treasurer ineligible for the term next succeeding the one for which they may be elected; requires of every appointtee to office one year's prior residence and citizenship in the county in which he is appointed, and requires the legislature to provide for the strict accountability of all county, township or municipal officers for the fees and public or municipal moneys paid to them. It also compels county officers to be salaried, and prohibits the annual salary exceeding the aggregate yearly amount of fees collected by the officer; provides for the limited vote plan; in the election every three years of County Commissioners and County Auditors—no person to vote for more than two, and the three highest to be elected, and dates the commencement of the term of all county officers from the first Monday of January next after their election.

Philadelphia, September 25, 1873.

In the Convention on Wednesday the Legislative Apportionment plan, as reported from the special committee on the subject, was considered; and after a protracted discussion, passed finally in the following form:

The members of the House of Representatives shall be apportioned among the several counties according to population, on a ratio to be obtained by dividing the whole population of the State, as ascertained by the most recent United States census, by two hundred. Any county, including Philadelphia, having more than one ratio shall be entitled to a member for each full ratio, but each county shall be given at least one member; and counties shall not be joined to form a disirict. Any county having less than five ratios shall have an additional member for a surplus exceeding one-half a ratio over one or more full ratios. Any county, including Philadelphia, having over one hundred thousand inhabitants, shall be divided into districts, and every city shall be entitled to operate representation when its population equals the ratio, but no district shall elect more than four members.

The Legislature at its first session after the adoption of this Constitution, and thereafter, immediately after each United States decennial census, shall apportion the State into Senatorial and Representative districts, agreeably to the provisions of the foregoing sections.

A QUEER COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.

The Fashions and Foibles of the Ashantees.

Prince Osso Ansah, an uncle of the present King of the Ashantees, now kept in honorable captivity in Sierra Leone, lately furnished a correspondent of the London Times with some particulars about his nephew:

The King, Koffee Calcalli, is described as being a man of considerable ability, but he has not been educated. He is of middle height, slight figure, wears his beard longer than usual in his country, and is a man of remarkably temperate habits, and takes an active part in the government of the country, and is proverbial for his hospitality and liberality. Like all the royal race of Ashantees he is remarkable for the lightness of his color, and his features are rather of a Moorish than of a negro type. All his family, although without the least admixture of white blood, are remarkable in their complexion, being little darker than a swarthy Italian or Spaniard.

His Wives are Many.

The laws of Ashantees allow to the King an unlimited number of wives. His favorite is the Princess Sappon, daughter of a brother of the late Queen Quaccoduah who is not only very beautiful, but is a woman of great ability, and enjoys great influence with her husband. She has borne him but one child, a son, who died while still an infant about two years ago, to his father's great grief.

If an Ashantee looks upon the unveiled face of one of King's wives it is certain death.

All the King's wives are kept jealously secluded in the women's quarter of the palace, to which are attached large and well kept gardens. This quarter is jealously guarded by the King's eunuch guard, who number over 150. The King's wives are the only women who are so secluded. The women, as a general rule, can go about freely.

The capitol of the Ashantee is Commassie, although not the most populous in the King's realms. It is a well built town, with wide streets. The King's palace, which is built of quarried, stone is a large and capacious edifice. It is two stories high, some of the rooms in it are of great size, and all are very lofty.

Attached to the King's palace is the great courtyard, where he holds his councils of the nobles. The King sits on a low throne, and the chiefs sit around—these of the highest rank being nearest to the King. A space in front of the King is always kept clear for the speakers, and who ever is addressing the assembly takes his stand there.

The King's Great General.

The command of the army which invaded the Fantee country and is now stacking Cape Coast was originally entrusted to Amanquah Tia, one of the greatest of the Ashantee nobles, and whose territories are in the immediate neighboorhood of Commassie. He also holds the post of Governor or Keeper of the Bantammah. This is a fortified building, in which are the tombs of the Kings of Ashantee, in which their crown and most valuable treasures are kept, and which is one of the principal magazines for military munition in the kingdom. The King of Ashantee visits it once a year, and remains in seclusion in it for twenty days.

Amanquah Tia is about forty years of age, and is a distinguished warrior. He was accompanied by old Assa Moquantah, the Ashantee Von Moltke. He is a little, old man, with white hair and a long white beard. This old warrior is nearly seventy years of age, and is regarded with great devotion and affection by the Ashantee troops, who entertain great confidence in his skill. He has greatly distinguished himself in the many wars the Ashantees waged with the tribes of the interior, and also commanded in the second Ashantee war.

The Royal Costume.

The King and the chiefs when at war wear loose Turkish trousers of different colored stuffs. They are thus to be known from the rank and file, who wear only a tunic, and no trousers.

The King of Ashantee never goes barefooted, always wearing sandals richly jeweled, and when travelling is carried in a hammock by bearers. All the hammock bearers are supplied by one tribe from the interior. He is remarkable above all his subjects by the costliness and splendor of his robes.

In the field his state dress consists of a light tunic of crimson velvet or damask reaching from his neck nearly to his arms, of loose trousers of some similar material, and he wears a cap of crimson velvet, or at times a cloth of the same color wound round his head as a turban, with a profusion of gold ornaments about his person.

The King's Umbrella.

When the King of Ashantee takes the field his presence is denoted by his state umbrella, which is always carried near him or over him by one or other of the nobles of his household, the King's umbrella bearer being always a man of very high rank. The King's umbrella is of great size. It is constructed of alternate triangles of red and black velvet, and is splendidly ornamented with gold. To give an idea of the value of these umbrellas, the umbrella of a chief not of the first rank often costs £200

The loss of the King's umbrella in battle would be considered the greatest disgrace and defeat an Ashantee army could meet with; and in like manner for a chief to lose his umbrella in battle is considered a great dishonor for him. The chiefs all carry umbrellas varying in splendor and costliness, according to the rank of their own; but no Ashantee chief may have an umbrella as large as the King's, or with the same arrangement of colors, which are especially reserved for royalty.

The Revenues.

The King's revenues are derived principally from the gold mines, nearly all the most valuable mines being his own private property; and all nuggets found, no matter where, belong to him, while the gold dust belongs to the finders.

The crown of Ashantee descends in the female line, the sons of the King's eldest sister inheriting it in turn.

The Ashantee arms consist of a long musket, the barrel of which is over five feet long. The soldiers are called buccaneers, and they wear in their girdles a large spear shaped knife, which at close quarters is a very formidable weapon indeed. They carry their powder in a sort of leather case, and their bullets in a bag of native matting. A certain portion of the army, about one-fourth, are armed armed with short carbines or blunderbusses, which are loaded with several bullets at a time; they also carry pikes about six feet long.

The beards of the Ashantees make them distinguishable from the other tribes. They all wear a short pointed beard, and as a general rule any Ashantee who is beardless is looked upon as unfit for a soldier. They are also remarkable for a certain fierceness of look and dignity of demeanor.

The King of Ashantee can bring into the field for offensive operations a force of nearly 100,000 men, and probably if his dominions were invaded could nearly double that number for defensive purposes.

Hon. David Agnew, now one of the justices of the supreme court, will be chief tice of Pennsylvania from the first Monday of December, 1873, when the term of the present chief justice, Hon. John M. Reed, will expire.

MAJ. J. SHREFFLER

TAYLOR,

Old Fort, Pa., where he is at all times ready to make men's and boy's Clothing, to order, and upon shortest notice, and according to the latest syles. oct16'3m

MILROY AHEAD AGAIN!!

Big Stock of Clothing,

Boots.

Shoes, Hats,

Caps,

and Notions.

Z. B. Krise & Bro., wish the people of Pennsvalley to know that they have unpacked a large stock of Clothing, such as vests, suits for men and boys, and a big stock of

BOOTS & SHOES,

for men and women, which they boast of selling cheaper than any other establishment.

Go and try them, they offer the best bargains outside the city. Remember their motto is, CHEAP. oct19'73

A GREAT WANT HAS BEEN SUPPLIED.

Prof. S. H. WRIGHT has opened a Barber Shop in Centre Hall, where he is ready and willing to do any thing in the art Tonsorial in the best possible manner.

If you wish to have a pleasant shave,
As good as barbers ever gave,
Just call on me in my saloon,
At morning, eve, or busy noon,
For I can move as true a hand
As any barber in the land.
And the very best that I can do,
Just call on me, I'll do for you.

sep25 tf. S. H. WRIGHT.

CENTRE HALL

Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tenon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style

☞ Any thing in the Hardware line ordered upon shortest notice.

Also a full stock of FURNITURE always on hand.

☞ Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere

aug 27 '73-tf.

NEW GOODS

AND NEW

PRICES.

AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

at the

BOSTON BOOT & SHOE STORE,

NO. 5, BUSH'S ARCADE.

Prices Less than at any Other Shoe Store in Centre County.

Call and See Us!

No. 5, Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte. July 19tf.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!

A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of

Spring Goods!

Consisting of the best assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

ever brought to Potter twp.

Also, a large assortment of

CARPETS!

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

A. W. GRAFF.

my8-1y.

New Clothing Store

A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hofler's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere.

HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

all directly from their own manufactory. Also.

Jewelry, Watches, &c.

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. ap5tf.

Piece goods of every discription, sold lowto enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware and Stove Dealers.

Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,

SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,

ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK

STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood, Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

HARTLETON

Steam Tannery.

HARTER BRO'S.

Hartleton, Union county, Pa.

This Tannery has now acquired the reputation of manufacturing some of the best leather in the State.

Calf Skins and Home made and City Sole leather, always on hand.

Highest market price paid for Hides and Bark.

Plasterers' Hair, &c., always on hand.

Hides left with Wm. Harter, in Haines twp., will be paid for at highest Cash prices.

july10.tf.

J. H. ORVIS. C. T. ALEXANDER.

ORVIS & ALEXANDER,

Attorneys-at-law. Office opposite Court House, Bellefonte, Pa.

J. P. GEPHART,

with Orvis & Alexander, attends, to collections and practice in the Orphan's Court. jan7 '70tf

MILLER'S HOTEL, Woodward, Pa. Stages arrive and depart daily. This favorite hotel is now in every respect one of the most pleasant hotels in Central Pennsylvania. The traveling community will always find the best accommodation. Drovers can at all times be accommodated with stables and pasture for any number of Cattle or horses.

july3'68tf GEO. MILLER.

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

J. ZELLER & SON

DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

1 DOOR BELOW HOFFER'S

BELLEFONTE, PA.

GEORGE O'BRYAN,

Dealer in

FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS,

BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS,

Parlor and Chamber Sets,

SOFAS, LOUNGES,

BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS,

WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, &c.

Particular Attention to Ordered Work.

REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.

UNDERTAKING,

In All Its Branches,

METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS,

Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. ap5tf.

Stoves! Fire! Stov's!

At Andy Reesman's, Centre Hall, are latest and best stoves out, he has just received a large lot of

Cook Stoves, the Pioneer Cook, the Eclipse Cook, the Reliance Cook.

PARLORS—The Radiant Light, self-feeder, Gas Burner, National Egg, Jewell, &c.

☞ He sells stoves as LOW as anywhere in Mifflin or Centre co.

TIN AND SHEETIRON WARE

The undersigned hereby informs the citizens of Pennsvalley that he has purchased the Tinshop heretofore carried on by the C. H. Mf'g Co., and will continue the same, at the old stand, in all its branches, in the manufacture of

STOVE PIPE & SPOUTING.

All kinds of repairing done. He has always on hand

Fruit Cans, of all Sizes,
BUCKETS,
CUPS,
DIPPERS,
DISHES, &C.

All work warranted and charges reasonable. A share of the public patronage solicited. AND. REESMAN,
2sep70y Centre Hall

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

J. & J. HARRIS.

No. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.

A new and complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Brockerhoff's new building—where they are prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails.

Buggy wheels in setts, Champion Clothes Wringer, Mill Saws, Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Ice Cream Freezers, Bath Tubs, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating, Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paint, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at

june5 '68-tf. J. & J. HARRIS.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY OCT. 23, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——First class Teacher wanted, to teach Grammar School at Potters Mills. Salary $40 per month, boarding $10 per month For further information address, W. W. Boyer, Potters Mills.

——Mr. Samuel Swartz, shot a deer, close to his store, at Churchville, on last Thursday.

——The Milroy Woolen Factory was sold at assignee's sale on Thursday last for $4, subject to a mortgage of $10,000. Ner Thompson was the purchaser.

——Henry Keller, of Mifflintown, aged 73, dropped down dead in a potato patch on Friday a week.

——John Endslow, of Granville township, Mifflin county, a much respected citizen, dropped down dead on Friday last while feeding his horses. He was afflicted with heart disease.—*Gazette.*

—— Another good joke of the late campaign is that some republicans actually worked hard to elect Ben. Ligget for Jury Commissioner, and with the hope of defeating Mike Grove. To these fellows it must now seem queer that both Grove and Ligget are elected.

——We received a lot of choice potatoes from Daniel Horner, raised on the mountain farm. Dan must know something about farming to raise such large potatoes as the specimens he left at our office. That mountain farm ain't to be sneezed at, when such things are raised there.

——The *late* contest was a warm one and we may have said many things, in the heat of the battle, that was aggravating, but if we have said anything we're sorry for, we are glad of it!—*Tuten Republican.*

Never mind, wooden nutmegs, don't fret, the result shows you didn't do any harm.

——Rev. J. Millet, who has been pastor of the Nittany Valley charge twelve years, has accepted a call to the Paralise charge.

——Richard P. Keyser, son of M. N. Keyser, of Jersey Shore, died very suddenly of yellow fever at Memphis on Sunday morning last. He was ticket agent of the P. & M. RR., at that place, and is spoken of as a worthy young man and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

——H. B. Ault, the Newberry druggist, who was arrested some two weeks since, charged with selling liquonas a beverage, has been held to bail in the sum of $400 for appearance at court.

——Persons who wish to save 5 per cent. on their school tax, had better pay over to Jas. C. Boal, before November 4th, next.

——The result of the election knocked Brown's paper clear off its pins so it could not come out at all, last week. We don't think he'll bellow for any further "explanation," or ask who struck Billy Patterson or Levi Miller either. Let Brown's Republican try its hand at "explaining" how Levi was knocked into a cocked hat.

——A few days after the election a radical and Mr. Gramley, the newly elected commissioner, met, when the following dialogue ensued:

Radical—How are you Mr. Gramley, glad to see you.

Gramley—So glad.

Radical—So glad you're glad.

Gramley—So glad you're glad that I am glad.

——The following are the official majorities in this county:

Ludlow, 388,
Hutchinson, 392.
Waream, 382.
Orvis, 767.
Mitchell, 224.
Gramly, 34.

——An aged citizen of Sugar Valley, Mr. Thomas Hall, 85 years old, died there on the 6th inst.

——Gift & Flory, Centre Hall, have always on hand, cheap, ready made boots and shoes.

——The Lock Haven lawyers publish a card, saying that henceforth their offices will not be open a night. Let them go one step farther, and agree to keep them closed at daytime also, and there will be no more trouble in Clinton county. Less lawyers, less lawsuits.

—— Had the full democratic vote in Pennsvalley been out Orvis' majority would have reached 1200, and had the democratic vote in the entire county been out, Sankey would have had 400 majority and the ballance of the ticket from 8 to 1200, excepting Orvis, who would have had 1500.

——We are reliably informed that the work on the railroad, which was stopped about three weeks ago, would be commenced again in Nov. 1st, and be pushed forward with vigor, the company having secured funds sufficient to go ahead with speed.

The work in the mountains only had been discontinued; the laying of rails to Laurelton, the ballasting below Spring Mills, and the trimming up this side of Spring Mills, had not stopped at all.

——The election returns tell what the people in Mr. Mitchell's own township, Ferguson, think of him. He made a fine run there, being 21 votes ahead of the democratic candidate for supreme Judge. He will be liked just as well by the people of the county when he acts as treasurer.

——A barn with three lightning rods was struck by lightning in Berks county a few days ago. Unless properly made, scientifically put up, and kept in first-rate order, lightning rods afford little, if any, protection—and their utility in any case is not yet an established fact. If lightning happens to come in contact with them it is likely to follow them, if the quantity be not too large. A large tree near buildings is a much safer reliance for their protection from lightning than any rod.

——The surviving officers and soldiers of the 143d, 148th, and 150th regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers will hold their annual reunion at the old camp grounds near Kingston, Luzerne county, on the 9th of November next. It is expected that Generals Doubleday, Dana, Osborne and Rosoley, Colonel Dwight and other distinguished soldiers will be present. Major Chamberlain, of the 150th regiment, will deliver the annual address.

——Sunday and Monday storm and rain, Tuesday and Wednesday cold.

——Ad. Krumrine's Sale of live stock, Oct. 29th.

S. R. Gettig's sale of personal property, near Farmers' Mills, on 18 Nov.

——The farm of John Dinges dec'd, in Penn twp., is advertised in the Reporter, at public sale.

The farm of Geo. Gramly, dec'd, in Sugar Valley, is advertised in the Reporter, at public sale.

——A valuable farm in Buffalo Valley, Union co., is advertised in the Reporter at public sale.

The valuable mill property of J. F. Throne, in Miles twp., is advertised in the Reporter at private sale.

The valuable farm of Sam'l Spangler, dec'd, in Potter twp., is advertised in the Reporter at private sale.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

25 MILES OF COUNTRY SWEPT OVER.

LITTLE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.

Omaha, October 16.—A terrible prairie fire swept over twenty-five miles of country near the Omaha and South Western railroad in Saline and Jefferson counties, Nebraska, on Tuesday. Many houses and large quantities of grain were destroyed. At Wilbur ten school children were caught in the flames. Three perished on the spot, three more will die, and four are dreadfully maimed, but will recover. Mrs. Morley, mother of three of the children, ran to help them and received fatal injuries.

For the Reporter.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Is it not a lamentable fact, that, throughout our land, there are no public or private organizations that are more divided than the christian church, and who at the same time profess an adherance to the christian faith? The Savior himself represents the unity of his followers as an important means for the triumph of his kingdom and extension of his glory. For He says, "I pray that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us;" and the conclusion, "That the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." Some think that this sublime prayer was uttered in reference to his disciples, in order that they might be one in their testimony to Christ. But we must believe that Christ prayed in this prayer, for all that are his. That they might be in incorporated into one body, spirit and heart. But such is not always the case, when we consider the temper and conduct of some of its members.

We say that these truths are cast into oblivion, and we can readily perceive the evils which flow from such actions; it has burst asunder the bonds of christian love, and has and does prevent that harmonious and affectionate intercourse among Christians. It has infused jealousies, animosity and disunion; set friends, brethern, and families in fierce daring against each other, and even sometimes corrupted the very prayers that are poured fourth to a throne of grace. Could we fly with the swiftness of an angel through the various places of divine worship, while some are offering up their prayers to a throne of grace, what a repulsive feeling would come over us to hear some pray, "Lord we thank thee that we are not as other men," and imploring a special blessing upon themselves, as if they were the only favorites of Heaven. How unlike the noble, benevolent spirit which Christianity inculcates. For the Saviour said to his disciples, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another; by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." And, as the promotion of the spirit of love was the great object of his instructions, so his whole life was an example of the purest benevolence, both towards friends and towards enemies; even towards his bitterest enemies, his benevolent emotions flowed out in earnest supplication for their forgiveness.

In the midst of all the mockeries, insults and indignities which he endured, when he was made a spectacle to angels and to men, his affectionate desire ascended, to the throne of his Father, in behalf of those who crucified him, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." O, what a contrast is here presented, to those scenes of malignity, and revenge, which have so long disgraced the human race. What a happy world would this be, were it peopled with such amiable characters, and were all who profess to be followers of Jesus, willing to imitate his mild and benevolent spirit, then this world would be transformed into a heaven, and christianity would appear in its native lustre, and receive the honor due to its divine character; and the name of our blessed Jesus, would soon be proclaimed throughout the earth May we then ask our divine Master, to give us loving hearts and dispositions in order to exhibit the principle of love in all its interesting aspect and to promote its practical influence all around us, and we have the full assurance that we shall reach heaven at last.

D. W. L.

Centre Co. Official, 1872.

	Hartranft.	Buckalew.
Bellefonte, { W. Ward	92	55
S. "	115	106
N. "	146	80
Milesbnrg Boro....	100	36
Unionville Boro....	45	32
Howard Boro....	37	34
Philipsburg Boro....	168	119
Boggs....	202	128
Benner....	166	170
Burnside....	46	32
Curtin....	36	58
Ferguson....	157	227
Gregg....	67	281
Haines....	103	195
Halfmoon....	82	41
Harris....	245	174
Howard....	106	66
Huston....	119	53
Liberty....	137	59
Marion....	44	89
Miles....	58	251
Patton....	100	54
Penn....	36	262
Potter....	135	378
Rush....	126	149
Snow Shoe....	100	102
Spring....	195	145
Taylor....	48	40
Union....	113	65
Walker....	113	198
Worth....	75	57
Total....	3292	3712
Buckalew's Majority		420

List of Traverse Jurors for 1st week November Term.

Bellefonte boro'—Roland Curtin, Simon Harper, Felix Mullen, James Harris, W W Montgomery.

Milesburg boro'—George Gray, Jonath. Bullock

Philipsburg boro'—W E Irwin, James Perks.

Benner twp—H L Harvey, Isaac Pennington, A J Shuey.

Boggs—James Thomas

Curtin—A C Quay, David Bechdol, J H Noll

Ferguson—J H Mitchell, James Laporte David Young

Haines—Thomas W Hosterman, D H Rote.

Harris—Wm Goheen, Levi Williams, George Kline, Samuel Glenn, J Swinehart

Howard—John Hughes, W H Neff.

Miles—T N Wolf.

Patton—George Mattern.

Penn—Jacob Isenhuth.

Potter—James M'Cormick, Jos Bitner.

Rush—T J Batcheler, Jonathan Beck, Geo. McGaffey

Snow Shoe—Mark Mooney, Daniel Wolf, Able Campbell, J H Breon.

Spring—Mark Williams

Union—Perry Lucas.

Walker—Jesse Stewart, Jacob Reber.

Worth—James M Ferdue, Owen M'Cann, J G Jones

List of Traverse Jurors for November Term, 2nd week.

Bellefonte—D Z Kline

Philipsburg—A J Graham, J S Gray, W R Fulton

Boggs twp—Michael Heaton, Robt. Bierly, John Dearnut

Ferguson—James Dunlap, Sidney Sholl Geo Kechline, J G Hess

Gregg—John Rishel, Henry Duck, Jno Coldren, Michael Nothcer

Half Moon—Jackson Thompson, Isaac Lamburn

Haines—Wm Shaffer, Jno R Bell, Lewis Mench, Charles Hosterman

Harris—John Lucas.

Howard—John Jenkins, James Antis

Liberty—Benj. Ligget, Samuel Beechdol,

Penn—Isreal Confer.

Potter—John Snyder, John McCormick, George Rearick.

Snow Shoe—Edward Poorman, C P Stoneroad,

Spring—Jno D Miller

Union—Henry Blake.

Worth—J W Faust.

Walker—Josiah Johnston.

List of Crand Jurors for November Term.

Bellefonte boro'—James H M'Clure.

Philipsburg—George S Flegle

Benner—Martin Meese, V Stover.

Boggs—Samuel Charles, Richard Gibbs

Burnside—Geo P Zimmerman.

Gregg—Samuel P Herring.

Haines—Solomon Ettlinger.

Harris—Jacob Meyer, George Fortney, Jno W Stewart.

Huston—Wm Steel.

Marion—W W Beck

Miles—John H Waite

Penn—Samuel Otto, Jacob Dutweiler

Patton—M D Gray.

Potter—Thomas Lingle, George Odenkirk

Rush—Hamson B Ross

Walker—W Snavely, Thomas Dunkle.

Worth—Wm B Beckwith.

The Hon. James P. Barr, of the Pittsburg Post, has been chosen delegate at large to the constitutional convention in the room of Hon Jeremiah S. Black, resigned. A good selection.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

Columbus, Ohio, October 17.—The Democratic State Committee from their returns received from eighty-two counties, official, and guesses as to the other counties, now claim Allen's election by 1000 majority. There is considerable doubt as to the balance of the ticket but the Chairman of the Democratic Committee is of opinion that the Democrats have also elected the State ticket, with the exception of White, for Supreme Judge and Wilson for Comptroller.

It is now certain the Democrats have carried the Legislature of Ohio, thus securing the re-election of Mr. Thurman to the United States Senate. This is al most glory enough for one campaign.

Iowa Returns.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, October 17.—The Republican State Central Committee says that in sixty-six counties heard from Governor Carpenter has a not majority of 12,417. In the same counties last year Csant had a majority of 43,000.

CENTRE COUNTY (official) 1873

	Treas'r	Sup. Judge	Auditor Gen'l	Surveyor Gen'l
Bellefonte { N Ward	78	145	75	148
S. "	101	105	104	102
W. "	43	62	45	64
Milesburg Boro.....	75	43	75	75
Unionville Boro.....	28	32	22	38
Howard Boro.....	28	34	27	36
Philipsburg Boro.....	94	123	94	126
Boggs.....	109	179	106	176
Curtin.....	26	24	26	26
Ferguson.....	200	125	198	128
Gregg.....	216	54	214	55
Haines.....	152	79	146	81
Halfmoon.....	35	68	35	69
Harris.....	146	218	148	217
Howard.....	42	69	44	71
Huston.....	20	84	21	83
Liberty.....	38	107	37	105
Marion.....	77	35	74	40
Miles.....	224	51	224	51
Patton.....	42	81	42	81
Penn.....	200	29	199	30
Potter.....	274	127	266	128
Rush.....	63	33	62	34
Snow Shoe.....	60	75	68	75
Spring.....	122	162	125	165
Taylor.....	37	22	36	23
Union.....	55	88	55	87
Walker.....	154	89	150	89
Worth.....	49	65	48	66
Total.....	2949	2557	2920	2952

Majorities—Hutchinson 392; Ludlow 388.

	Senator Waream	Assembly Hutchinson	Assembly Ludlow
Bellefonte, { N Ward	73	155	127	95
S. Ward	108	98	119	86
W Ward	46	65	53	55
Milesburg Boro.....	47	60	59	49
Unionville Boro.....	24	36	29	29
Howard Boro.....	23	36	31	20
Philipsburg Boro.....	94	125	103	112
Boggs.....	109	172	113	177
Benner.....	160	78	154	78
Burnside.....	25	34	24	35
Curtin.....	26	31	26	29
Ferguson.....	198	127	208	116
Gregg.....	214	57	210	65
Haines.....	151	83	150	84
Halfmoon.....	35	69	35	68
Harris.....	148	225	188	176
Howard.....	41	62	41	72
Huston.....	20	84	20	84
Liberty.....	37	106	37	109
Marion.....	75	40	81	33
Miles.....	220	49	231	47
Patton.....	41	82	86	85
Penn.....	201	93	194	98
Potter.....	279	120	297	106
Rush.....	62	34	61	34
Snow Shoe.....	70	75	72	71
Spring.....	122	157	143	133
Taylor.....	37	22	36	22
Union.....	54	88	55	85
Walker.....	145	98	150	91
Worth.....	50	66	51	60
Total.....	2947	2955	3123	2956

Majorities—Waream 382; Orvis 767.

	Treas'r	Sup. Judge	Comm'r	Surveyor
Bellefonte { N Ward	60	166	76	149
S "	83	125	103	103
W "	32	77	44	65
Milesburg Boro.....	39	78	42	75
Unionville.....	23	37	23	37
Howard boro.....	29	34	29	34
Philipsburg.....	93	126	93	126
Boggs.....	99	192	102	188
Benner.....	145	94	163	84
Burnside.....	24	33	23	34
Curtin.....	36	27	36	27
Ferguson.....	219	105	193	130
Gregg.....	217	55	176	70
Haines.....	143	88	121	111
Halfmoon.....	35	69	35	69
Harris.....	154	217	137	220
Howard.....	42	71	44	71
Huston.....	25	84	25	83
Liberty.....	40	107	40	105
Marion.....	79	37	77	39
Miles.....	228	50	145	125
Patton.....	40	83	39	84
Penn.....	203	90	140	52
Potter.....	274	131	264	115
Rush.....	60	35	62	34
Snow Shoe.....	68	77	72	73
Spring.....	122	171	124	165
Taylor.....	35	23	36	23
Union.....	53	88	53	89
Walker.....	155	90	150	94
Worth.....	48	68	50	66
Total.....	2806	2672	2715	2749

Majorities—Mitchell 224; Gramley 34.

	Auditor Gen'l	Treas'r	Surveyor Gen'l	Comm'r
Bellefonte { N Ward	81	77	146	149
S "	103	103	104	103
W "	43	43	66	66
Milesburg Boro.....	43	42	72	75
Unionville Boro.....	29	24	34	32
Howard Boro.....	30	21	33	34
Philipsburg Boro.....	93	93	126	123
Boggs.....	104	104	187	187
Benner.....	159	159	80	80
Burnside.....	23	23	34	34
Curtin.....	26	26	27	27
Ferguson.....	179	169	127	126
Gregg.....	214	214	58	58
Haines.....	151	148	83	83
Halfmoon.....	35	35	69	69
Harris.....	152	152	219	219
Howard.....	43	43	71	71
Huston.....	21	21	84	84
Liberty.....	39	39	107	107
Marion.....	77	77	39	39
Miles.....	220	226	35	48
Patton.....	41	41	82	83
Penn.....	201	200	31	31
Potter.....	280	278	128	128
Rush.....	62	62	34	34
Snow Shoe.....	69	69	76	76
Spring.....	124	124	164	165
Taylor.....	34	34	25	25
Union.....	53	54	88	88
Walker.....	155	155	90	90
Worth.....	49	50	66	67
Total.....	2972	2953	2598	2591

Majorities—Frank 362; Greist 374.

ELECTION NEWS.

Hon. A. H. Dill re-elected.

Northumberland, October 15.—The whole democratic ticket is elected in this county by a small majority. Dill dem., has about 507 majority over Dr. Wagonseller, leading his ticket generally throughout the county.

Newport, October 15.—The majority for Dill, dem., for senator, in the county is about 150, and his majority in the district will not be less than 200. It is probable that he has carried every county in the district, all of which are republican but Northumberland, and that usually very close.

Lewisburg, Union Co., October 15.—This county gives Gordon about 800 and Mackey about 500 majority. Gordon is a native of this town, and ran nearly all the votes here. Dill, dem., has 404 majority for senator over Wagonseller.

M'Ateer elected.

Huntingdon is so confused in her vote that the senatorial vote cannot be accurately ascertained. M'Ateer, dem., is elected to the house in Huntingdon, and Irvin's majority for senator is 560.

Franklin County.

Chambersburg, October 15.—Welsh, democrat and local option, is elected to the house over Mackey, republican, by from 300 to 400. Cook, republican, and editor of the Repository, is beaten for treasurer by White, democrat, by from 200 to 300. Party ties were almost wholly obliterated in the vote on local candidates.

The Democrats of Lebanon county made a gallant fight on Tuesday last, and elected Francis H. Ebur, Sheriff, and Gideon Light, County Treasurer. This is a substantial victory in a county which has an average Republican majority of fifteen hundred.

Mr. Allen's election as Governor of Ohio is claimed by 1,000 majority.

Mr. Nesmith, the Democratic candidate, has been elected to Congress from Oregon by a majority of 2,500 votes.

Two Democrats have been elected to the Legislature from Philadelphia.

A WIFE DECOYS HER HUSBAND TO BE SHOT BY HER PARAMOUR —THE BODY PLOUGHED INTO THE GROUND, AND DISCOVERED BY A DOG.

Paris, Edgar county, Ill., Oct. 7.—Just a month ago to-day, on Sunday, the 7th of September, 1873, Mr. Mack Wood, a rich and respectable farmer of Mulberry Grove, went, with his wife—a young and handsome woman, though so susceptible of flattery as to be considered almost weak-minded—to pick some plums in a grove not far from his house. His wife returned alone, and accounted for her husband's absence by saying that he had gone to another field at some little distance to examine some of his cattle. The night passed and he did not come home. Next morning she went to the tree beneath which she had left him. There she found a pool of blood and some locks of hair; while a track along the grass, plentifully besprinkled with gouts of gore, led to a heap of bushes, where the body seemed to have been dragged and concealed. It had however, vanished.

On Monday morning at daybreak a brother-in-law of the missing man, named Williams, was ploughing in the field adjoining the grove. In the centre of the field he made his team sheer to one side, so as to throw a furrow of earth over one spot on the direct line on which he was ploughing, and so that his horses did not trample upon the spot covered. The apparently trivial circumstance did not strike the person who observed it as at all singular or significant.

Meanwhile the hue and cry had gone out over the county, and several hundred farmers had assembled and began the search for the body of the murdered man. For days it was prosecuted thoroughly; swamps were explored, thickets penetrated, suspicious houses and lonely barns examined, wells sounded, but all in vain. Detectives were employed and rewards offered, but equally in vain. Still the ploughed field remained unsearched, and the widow declared that the body had been buried on the farm.

There had been a family feud between Williams and Davison, his two brothers-in-law, and Wood Williams was arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder, but was released. Lowell Henlon, a young man who had been "choring" on the farm, was also arrested and released, whereupon he took flight and has not since been seen. Henlon was a good-looking young fellow, who had been desperately in love with Mrs. Wood, and his passion had been returned. Mr. Wood had been aware of the fatal attachment, but feeling pity for his weak-minded and unfortunate wife had discharged Henlon and tried to hush the matter up.

On Wednesday afternoon a man answering to the description given of Henlen met a correspondent of the Danville Times at a fair at Catlin, and informed him that a farmer named Wood had disappeared from Mulberry Grove; that it was believed he had been murdered, and that suspicion pointed to his brothers-in-law as the murderers. The man was wild and excited, but the recital affected the gentleman who heard it so little that he did not even take any notes of it.

Many days passed, and the search had been given up, when a little girl was sent on an errand to a neighbor of Wood and Williams. She took a short cut across the field in which Williams had been ploughing on the morning of that Monday. She had with her a little black dog, that ran ahead of her. In the middle of the field the little creature stopped at a bend in the furrow, and began to bark loudly. Going near to see what he had found, she smelt the stench of decaying flesh. On telling her story to the neighbors they promptly visited the spot. A few strokes of the spade exposed the body, which was barely covered with the soil. It had been pierced by three balls, one breaking the jawbone and lodging in the throat, a second going through the head, and a third through the heart.

The news soon spread, and within a few hours the Coronor and his jury and the medical officers were present. A fire of brush was made by the side of the corpse, and by its light the doctors examined it, the jurors viewed it, and returned a verdict of "wilful murder."

Henlon had absconded, but Williams and his wife were arrested. Williams denied all knowledge of how his brother-in-law had come to his death. He knew nothing of Henlon, though he had lent him a revolver on Saturday which Henlon had returned on Monday. Where was it? He did not know. Judge Lynch was invited to conduct the interrogatory, when Williams showed where the weapon was hidden in a heap of refuse. But he affirmed his innocence.

Thus the case rests for the present till Henlon is found. The theory of the detectives is that Henlon is the murderer, and that Williams and possibly others were accessories before the fact. Henlon was madly in love with Mrs. Wood. To get her husband out of the road he profited by his knowledge of the family feud to secure weapons. Then Mrs. Wood served as a decoy to lure the husband to the plum grove where his murderer awaited him, and the deed was done, which was so carefully concealed for so many days, till a barefooted girl and a little black dog happened to cross a ploughed field, and lo! the murder was out and

The ghost of the murdered man
Shrieked upward from the sod.

EX-SENATOR POMEROY SHOT AND SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

Washington, Oct. 12—About ten minutes past 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, was shot by M. F. Conway, an ex-member of Congress from that State. Pomeroy was walking up New York avenue, and near the corner of Fourteenth street he met Conway, who drew a large revolver, and when within six feet of Pomeroy fired three shots at him, one of which took effect in the right breast, just below the nipple. Conway then put up his pistol and started to walk off. Two gentlemen, P. B. Stilson and Addison, who witnessed the shooting, which occupied not more than a minute, immediately stopped Conway, Addison exclaiming: "Stop, sir! you have shot a man, and must give your reasons for so doing." Conway replied: "He ruined myself and my family." He then surrendered his pistol to Stillson, and accompanied that gentleman to the station-house. Mr. Pomeroy, who had fallen to the pavement, was assisted to a carriage and driven to his home. The ball passed through two thicknesses of Pomeroy's coat, also his vest and shirt, and its force was thereby so far spent that after penetrating the skin it was thrown off by the cartilage of one of the ribs near the end of which it struck. The wound has bled very little, and will cause no inconvenience whatever. One of the three shots fired by Conway passed through Pomeroy's hat, closely grazing his head, another missed him altogether, although fired within a few feet of him. Mr. Pomeroy is somewhat at a loss to account for this unexpected assault, as he had heretofore befriended Conway, unless it was for the reason, that he with several Senators had procured a situation in the Treasury Department for Mrs. Conway, who for several years has been living apart from her husband and was in poor circumstances. This, it appears, Conway thought a reflection on him as he himself desired some kind of employment, but failed of assistance to obtain it, being in destitute circumstances. Conway was taken before Judge Snell last night, and was released in $10,000 bail, Alexander Adamson becoming his bondsman. A physician's certificate was produced, that the wound of Pomeroy was slight. Conway is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, a printer by trade, studied law and emigrated to Kansas. Conway was laboring under great mental excitement, and it is said to-night that the cause of his shooting was that he has had frequent political reverses in Kansas, which he attributes to Pomeroy.

About five o'clock on Monday evening Wade was removed to an adjoining cell, as it was feared that he contemplated making an attempt to get out. He had not been in his quarters long, before he seized the water pipe and wrenched it off when the water flowed rapidly. Thinking to cool his ardor somewhat, it was determined to leave him alone for a short time. He then broke down the hammock, and securing a bar of iron commenced digging through the wall into his old cell and in a short time had made an opening large enough to admit a man. The Sheriff, with several policemen, then approached, but brandishing a piece of iron he defied that official to enter his cell. After some parleying a rush was made upon him, when he was seized, thrown, and secured. He was then handcuffed and tied with an enormous rope somewhat on the principle of "doing up" the Davenport Brothers, when it was supposed that he could not possibly get loose again. But Davenport like, Wade was determined to show the officers a "trick or two." During the night, it is supposed, he secured a broken tumbler, when he deliberately went to work and succeeded in cutting the rope that bound him and released himself. Then by a desperate effort he wrenched off his handcuffs, and as if scorning to be encumbered with such trifling things, threw them out of a window into the jail yard. Then he broke from his cell, and was found roaming through the halls of the prison this morning apparently a free man! He was then recaptured and locked up again. Whether he will perform another "trick or two" remains to be seen.

He professes to have experienced religion, and states that he prayed fervently last night to be granted strength to free himself from his bands and his prayer was answered.—*Wmsprt. Gaz. & Bulletin.*

DEATHS.

At Linden Hall, Oct. 7th 1873, Sidney, the only child of William D. and Mary O. Ross, aged 2 years, 2 months and 6 days.

In Haines Township, on the 10th inst., Peter Snyder, aged 71 years, 10 months and 24 days.

On the 2nd Oct. in Indiana Co. Mary, wife of Wm. Feath, formerly of Spring Mills, aged 69 years, 8 months and 8 days.

MARRIED.

In Millheim, on the 1st inst., by J. H Reifsnyder, Esq., William Derr and Miss Clara Willow, both of Millheim.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.—A two-story dwelling house and good lot, in one of the most desirable portions of Aaronsburg, is offered at private sale. With it are all necessary outbuildings such as kitchen, woodshed, smokehouse, a shop stable, cistern, &c. Choice fruit of all kinds on the premises. Apply to

MRS. JOANNA KURTZ,
oct23 tf Aaronsburg.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Centre County Agricultural Society will be held in the Court House at Bellefonte on Saturday, October 25th, at 2 o'clock p. m., relative to the improvement of the Grounds, the premium list, and to arrange for a series of Agricultural meetings throughout the county. Important business will be transacted and a full attendance is earnestly requested. By order of the President. D. S. KELLER.
18-41 2t. *Sec'y.*

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,

for medicinal purposes.

Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
oct23 tf MILLER & SON.

Valuable Farm

AT PUBLIC SALE.

Will be offered, at public sale, on the premises, about 1 mile south of Millheim,

On Saturday, Nov. 8th, at 1 o'clock,

the valuable farm belonging to the estate of John Dinges, dec'd, on the road leading from Millheim to the Forks, and about 1 mile from the railroad, containing

112 ACRES

with allowance, of which 100 acres are clear, the balance being of the

BEST WHITE PINE TIMBER.

The land is under a high state of cultivation, and under good post fence. Thereon is erected a TWO STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, large bank barn, and other necessary outbuildings. There is a never failing Spring of Water near the door, the water of which is conducted through the cellar, thence piped to the barnyard. On the premises is also a large ORCHARD, with all kinds of choice fruit. Belonging to this property is a SAW MILL AND WATER POWER with 12 feet of head. A lane runs through the farm having the fields on either side, enabling the farmer to leave his bars open so that cattle can go at will from their pasture to water and back again; besides which the farm is so shut out as to exclude entirely all strange cattle.

TERMS:—$500 to be paid on day of sale; half of the balance on the 1st of April following, and the residue in two equal annual payments thereafter.

JACOB DINGES,
oct9 5t. Executor.

A SUGAR VALLEY FARM

AT PUBLIC SALE.

The valuable Farm of George Gramley, dec'd, about ¾ mile south of Logansville, Clinton county, will be offered at Public Sale,

On Friday, Oct. 31, at 1 o'clock,

containing

83 ACRES OF LAND,

of which 12 acres consist of Timberland, the balance being under good cultivation. Thereon are erected a TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, Smokehouse Springhouse, Woodshed, &c. There is running Water at the house and at the barn.

Also, a thriving YOUNG ORCHARD on the premises.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

JONATH. GRAMLEY,
Sugar Valley,
JEREMIAH HAINES,
Rebersburg,
oct9 Executors.

MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

ABSOLUTE AGREEMENT OF THE MONARCHICAL PARTIES.

London, October 18-5 A. M.—The Times' Paris correspondent telegraphs as follows:

From exact information it appears that the monarchical parties have come to an absolute agreement.

Chambord has made concessions which are satisfactory to the liberal monarchists, and the following will be submitted at the opening of the Assembly:

The proclamation of a hereditary constitutional monarchy, the king promising liberty of conscience and equality before the law as the right of all.

The monarchists are confident of a majority in the Assembly. It is said that 416 Deputies are pledged to support the restoration of royalty.

THE N. Y. STATE TREASURY ROBBED

A THEFT OF $300,000.

Albany, October 15.—Charles H. Phelps, cashier in the treasury department of the state, was arrested in Jersey City yesterday and brought here charged with robbing the state treasury of an amount of money supposed to reach $300,000.

The state deposits are divided between five or six banks of the city, and it was the custom of the banks to send to the comptroller's office on the first of every month a duplicate of the treasurer's bank book, which passed through the hands of the general book keeper.

The banks some time ago complained of this extra labor, and Phelps giving assurance that it was entirely unnecessary, the general book keeper dropped the duplicate set without the knowledge of either the comptroller or treasurer. Thus but one set of books was left to be manipulated. The general book keeper was next induced to accept in some instances the statement of the cashier of the balance in some one of the banks without producing the bank books. Phelps then charged a large sum to a bank which by its own statement, which was called for a few days ago by the treasurer, showed that it did no have.

Commencement of the Balloon Trip to Europe.

New York, October 6.—The great balloon trip to Europe was commenced this morning. The balloon started from the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, at nine o'clock, with Donaldson, Ford and Lunt on board. When last seen, the balloon was going right over the ocean.

Bethel, Conn., October 6.—The Trans-Atlantic balloon of the *Graphic* Company, which started on its trip this morning from New York, is, at this hour, 11 A. M., about two miles southeast of this city, rapidly going.

Termination of the Voyage.

New Haven, Conn., October 6.—As near as can be learned in this city at present Donaldson's balloon reached Canaan, about eighty miles distant, in the northeastern corner of the State at 1:25 P. M., where it was caught in a violent storm. For a few minutes before that time it had been near the earth. Donaldson and Ford jumped out; Lunt was caught in some trees but finally succeeded in reaching the ground unhurt. The balloon escaped and had not been captured at last accounts.

The balloon was afterwards found about a mile from where the aeronauts had jumped out.

THE MOST VALUABLE FARM IN BUFFALO VALLEY.

Known as the

WHITE SPRING FARM,

Will be offered at

PUBLIC SALE!!

On Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1873.

This Farm comprises

170 ACRES,

more or less, situated in Limestone twp., Union County, Pa., 2 miles southeast of Mifflinburg—the present terminus of the L. C. & S. C. RR. This road will be completed ere long, when the distance from said Farm to the Railroad will be but one mile.

The land is ALL CLEARED excepting about 12 Acres, and is in an excellent state of cultivation.

The Improvements are a Large Good FRAME HOUSE, known as the

"MANSION HOUSE"

with a Tenant House attached, an extensive Barn with other outbuildings in connection. Not far distant from these

Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—To every gallon of sliced tomatoes add two tablespoons of salt, and let it stand over a night. Do not pour off the liquid but add two-thirds of a pound of sugar, one pint grated horse-radish, two tablespoons of mustard. Put a weight on the top and set near the fire or in a warm place until they become sour, when they should be kept cool. The juice of the tomato forms the vinegar, and if some are partly ripe it is all the better. No scum rises on the top and they will keep a long time.

TO STOP THE RAVAGES OF MOTHS.—Camphor will not stop the ravages of moths in carpets after they commence eating. Then they pay no heed to the presence of camphor, cedar or tobacco. A good way to conquer them is to take a coarse crash towel and wring it out of clean water. Spread it smoothly on the carpet, then iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation on suspected places, and on those least used. It does not injure the color or the pile of the carpet in the least, as it is not necessary to press hard, heat and steam being the agents, and they do the work effectually on worms and eggs. Then the camphor will, doubtless, prevent the future depredations of the miller.

HOW TO COOK GOOD BEEFSTEAK.—Have your steak cut thick, put it on your meat board, and with a sharp-pointed knife prick it in every imaginable way to make it tender, put it on the gridiron over the fire, turning it very often. Put a lump of butter and some salt and pepper into a tin dish. Put your steak dish where it will be warmed. When the steak is cooked put it into the tin dish and double it over, press out all the blood you can, and lay the steak on your plate. Set the tin dish, with the blood, pepper and salt on the stove, and as soon as it boils up and thickens pour it over your steak. You can add a can of mushrooms to the gravy. This receipt was never known to fail.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Allow one long ear of sweet corn for each person. Take half a pint of milk, one egg, a dessertspoonful of white sugar, one of sweet butter, and a teaspoonful of salt to every two ears. Beat the eggs and sugar well together, and add the milk and salt. Cut the corn off the cobs with a sharp knife, and chop the divided grains with a chopping knife, but not too fine; or, better still, split each row of grains down the middle before cutting them off the cobs. The corn must not be boiled first. Stir the chopped corn into the milk, and bake in a brisk oven in custard cups or a tin pail until the top is nicely browned, but not hardened. Serve hot, without sauce. This is a delicious dish. Some persons prefer it cold. Common corn may be used, if young and tender, but requires as much again sugar.

Hog Cholera and the Kidney Worm.

I have noticed frequent reference to kidney worm and its cure in the *Journal*, as well as hog cholera and its cure and prevention. Do the eminent breeders who advertise in the *Journal* ever have either among their stock? If they do not, how do they manage their hogs so as to prevent it? Do any of them keep a continuous supply of salt and ashes before their hogs? If they do, with what result?

I write this, hoping it may draw out some of the gentlemen who carried on such an interesting discussion in the *Journal* a short time since.

I had only been farming three years last January, when I bought twenty-two hogs, and lost either ten or twelve (I have forgotten which) in a short time with what was called hog cholera; since which time I have had remarkable success, having had no disease of any sort among them. I have killed for my own use and sold, up to last fall, 171, and have about 100 that I shall feed this fall. I am a 250 acre farm, the number I have had and now have, I should think, would be a fair test; but farmers who have raised hogs for forty years do not endorse my plan of a continuous supply of salt, about three parts, and one part ashes, because it pukes them when they have not had it for a time, and eat too much when they get it. To prevent this I put in a little slack lime the first time, and only once, to prevent them from taking too much. I bought kegs of copperas, sulphur, turpentine (coal oil on hand), and Sander's Hog Cholera Remedy, all of which I have on hand without using, from having read (before I commenced) an extract taken from some high medical authority on the "saline properties of the blood," and the absolute necessity of furnishing an adequate supply to all domestic animals; and since that time I have kept a supply of salt and ashes before my horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep, with the best results.

If you fail to elicit from breeders corroborative testimony, could you not get some eminent physician to write you an article on the saline properties of the blood, which would probably embody the same idea of the extract I saw, which determined my plan of keeping it before the stock.

The Value of Draining.

Another year of experience, with an under-drained farm garden, fully confirms me in the opinion previously entertained of its great value for all soils of ordinary depth resting upon a hard-pan of clay or pin gravel. The farm garden aforesaid illustrates fully the point how wonderfully vegetation maintains itself throughout a long, sharp drought like the one just encountered in this vicinity, and shows this hour a profusion of green, glossy leaves on all crops, which tells of thrift and not premature decay. It is a right that is not forgotten by any owner of cultivated land, and overthrows a mountain of prejudice in a twinkling, carrying its proof, stronger than affidavits, on its thousand leaflets and abundant crop. It speaks for itself and forces down the truth, with a power that belongs not to words, to germinate, and bear fruit sooner or later, and teaches infallibly how to secure ourselves a decent return in every season, wet or dry, armed at all points. The steady, intolerable glare of the sun, blazing constantly with scarcely an intervening cloud for fifty days, the total failure of the damp dog-days, and the cool, dry nights without dew, have finished up the crops hereabout at "short meter." All things are in the sere and yellow leaf of autumn—grain short and stunted, roots shabby, fall feed none, pastures dry and brown, corn eary all the season through, and yesterday blew flat to the ground—nothing left but the earthquake which is appointed about now for New England, and may come any day. We got some hay out of accidental showers, a good crop—since then, nothing but weeds and crickets. Whoso cultivates well-drained land, with a generous supply of good manure, and steady, solid industry, will gather his crops in due season, sit down in peace after the victory with plenty abounding, and find abundant pastime in arranging for another campaign. Let out the water, put in the manure, stick to it, roll up your sleeves and never forget that "Luck lays in the elbows."—*Junior, in Maine Farmer.*

Catholicism.

Eighty-four years ago there were 25,000 Roman Catholics in the United States; there are now 9,600,000. There was 1 bishopric; there are now 54; besides 6 vacarites apostolic and 4 abbots; there were 21 priests; there are now 4,890; there were 3 or 4 chapels; there are now 47 cathedrals, 4,250 churches and 1,754 chapels and stations. There are now also 138 monasteries of men, 383 convents of women, 1,557 academies and schools, 283 charitable institutions, 112 seminaries and colleges, in which, among other students, 648 young men are studying for the priesthood. Within the last 35 years the population of the country has increased 14.33 per cent., but the Roman Catholic population has, during the same period, increased nearly 39,000 per cent., and the proportion of Catholics to the rest of the population (9,600,000 to 39,000,000) is almost as 1 to 4.

The Canby Massacre.

A *Herald* reporter who interviewed Captain Jack and the Modocs before the execution, writes as follows:—Just outside the stockade are four tents, occupied by the scouts, Hooker Jim, Shack Nasty Jim, Steamboat Frank, Scar-faced Charley and Bogus Charley. They have their families with them, and appear tolerably well satisfied with their position. I sent for Bogus Charley and Steamboat Frank, and from them obtained the following information:—

Correspondent—I want you, Bogus, to tell me the truth about that Canby massacre and who shot him.

Bogus—Captain Jack he tell heap lies; he stand by, snap pistol, cock it again and shoot Canby; kill him dead. Sconchin he shoot at Meacham. Boston Charley, he shoot at Dr. Thomas, and Hooker Jim he shoot at Dyar. I speak the truth all the time; I tell you no lie.

Correspondent—I want you to tell me, Bogus, what Indian first proposed to kill Canby.

Bogus—Klamath Indian, at Fairchild's, tell us bad talk; say Boston people kill you all; I no believe him; say he tell lie; Sconchin believe him he say he speak truth; Sconchin no like to make peace—Sconchin and Sconchin's son—with Indians who kill settlers; he afraid to make peace; talk fight in council; he say I kill Canby; who kill others? Barncho, Slolux and boys, we kill others. Captain Jack then say I am chief; I kill General Canby. I want no one to come with me. Captain Jack no like to see Sconchin chief of Modocs. Sconchin say first try Canby, Thomas, Meacham and Dyar. Captain Jack no want to fight. Captain Jack not afaid of Boston people—want peace. Sconchin he kill many; he afraid; no let Captain Jack make peace.

Correspondent—You remember when I came in to talk to Captain Jack, with Fairchild and Whittle—any of the boys want to try me?

Bogus—Yes, some of those in stockade; some of young boys. Miller's Charley he stop you coming in; want you and Fairchild to camp in rocks; if you camp there Modocs kill you, kill Fairchild; Scar-face come up, take you and Fairchild into cave; he know you our friend; you come to make good talk; no mean bad to Modoc Indian.

Correspondent—What Indians were in the party who fired at Dr. McEldery and myself on the morning of the third day's fight?

Steamboat Frank—I was there, Scar-face and others; I shoot twice; others shoot; no hurt you; afterwards shoot Yreka boy riding horse; kill him.

Correspondent—Did the Klamath Indians assist you all the while fighting?

Bogus—Klamath Indians tell us to fight all the time; give us plenty of ammunition. At the first fight Klamath Indians shout to Modocs, "Shoot high; Klamath Indian no kill Modocs." They shout again in their talk, "Ammunition here in these rocks, and Modoc went and got it." Allen David he send word, "Fight plenty; no stop war; keep gun." Klamath Indian tell us bad all the time.

EFFECT OF THE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENT.

Boston Charley, when it was announced to him that no hope was left and he must die, kept steadily chewing tobacco while the sentence was being spoken and squirted the juise about the floor in a nonchalant style, as if nothing of any importance was taking place.

Sconchin expressed his contempt for the whole matter, laying back on the bunk and hawing in the most expressive manner, as if the entire proceedings were rather a bore.

Jack appeared to take the news very cooly, but his bright and sparkling eyes appeared unusually brilliant and gazed around the circle in a quick and restless manner.

The interpreter informed them, by order of the President, that their wives and families would be taken good care of; also that General Wheaton was now prepared to hear any remarks they had to make.

Suffering in the Far North.

Augustus Henry Stiles, of North Adams, Mass., left New Bedford December 10th, 1871, on the bark Ansel Gibbs, on a whaling voyage to Hudson's Bay, expecting to be absent about eighteen months. The crew consisted of twenty-eight men. They first sailed south and cruised for six months near the equator, when the scurvy broke out among the crew. The captain, without taking in a fresh supply of water and provisions, both of which he might easily have done, sailed north into winter quarters at Marble Island, a barren and uninhabited island in the northwestern part of Hudson's Bay. On the 19th of October following the vessel parted her cables, and, drifting upon the shore, became a total wreck. The men escaped to the shore with the loss of everything but their clothes which they wore. Here they lived, some in the hull of another ship that had been wrecked on the same island, the remainder in a double canvas tent. Their sufferings from privation and scurvy were extreme. Ten of the crew perished, among them Mr. Stiles, who died March 11th, 1872. The Annie Bradford reached New Bedford September 7th with a portion of the rescued crew. They report the most horrible sufferings on the island. Of the small quantity of provisions that floated ashore from the wreck, the captain selected the best for himself. The men occasionally caught a seal, and the natives from the mainland would sometimes supply them with a bear, which they would devour even to drinking the blood. Augustus Stiles apparently began to improve a short time before he died, but suddenly declined and died without a struggle.—*Troy Times.*

Rosenzweig Once More.

There seems more than a fair chance that Rosenzweig, the murderer of Alice Bowlsby, will soon be set free. Not quite two years since the community was startled by the revelation of a most ghastly crime, the hideous perpetrator of which was a quack doctor, named Jacob Rosenzweig. The revolting manner in which the mangled body of unfortunate Alice A. Bowlsby was found, packed in a trunk, sent a thrill of horror through the minds of all right minded people against the abortionist, and his conviction, on the 25th day of October, 1871, of manslaughter in the second degree and subsequent sentence to the State Prison for seven years was deemed a very light punishment for the ghoul-like deed. He was taken from prison on a writ of error. In the interim between the conviction and its reversal the Legislature, which was then in session, as is now insisted, repealed the act under which Rosenzweig had been convicted, and passed a new law making the punishment for crimes of this inhuman character twenty years in the State Prison instead of seven. The prevailing impression seems to be that a special plea will have the effect of again setting this fellow loose upon the public.

A Clergyman's View of the Panic.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took a walk in Wall street, and was much amazed at the panic. How did it strike his mind? In the following words, which are his own: "We bethought ourselves why there was not a panic in another direction. So many failures every day for eternity, so many heavenly treasures lost, the goverement bonds of heaven thrown away on the street. We wonder that men do not get excited about their eternal possessions, and that they do not make 'a run' on the bank of heaven. Oh! men immortal! What is the matter with you? What will become of you when you are dead? Whose sign will then be run up on your store, who will drive your fine horses? * * * * * Better settle up with God. * * * * * Merchants, bankers, artisans, and farmers! look out that you do not lose heaven! That will be worse than the loss of Northern Pacific bonds. That will be a defalcation for eternity!"

A string band—The Vigilance Committee.

The Death of Captain Hall.

Statements of Bessels and Schumann.

Dr. Bessels furnishes an account of the exploration voyage similar to that given by Captain Buddington, but regarding the death of the commander, Captain Hall, he speaks with more authority than the rest of the crew, as he attended him on his death-bed, and the last words ever spoken by the explorer were spoken to him. It may be remembered that after the captain's death a rumor got afloat that he had been poisoned, and as the opinion of Dr. Bessels on this matter is of the greatest value I made inquiry to ascertain his opinion regarding this rumor. Dr. Bessels informed me that he had heard of the rumor as to Captain Hall having been poisoned, and was very much surprised at it. "Captain Hall," says Dr. Bessels, "died a natural death, and there was not the slightest appearance of anything that could possibly have given rise to such a rumor."

About the 10th of September Captain Hall started on an expedition for the north. His object in doing so was principally to see the country in order that he might be able to start afresh in in the spring. The exploring party consisted of Captain Hall, Mr. Chester, chief mate; and Joe and Hans, two Esquimaux. They started in two sledges with fourteen dogs, and succeeded, after much difficulty, in reaching a point about twenty miles further north than where the ship lay, and there Captain Hall found a large bay, which he called Newman's Bay. He was away from the vessel fourteen days, during which time the weather was of a very stormy description, and the thermometer was on many occasions 16 to 20 degrees below zero. When Captain Hall returned, he went into his cabin, and shortly afterwards he said that as he felt sick he had better lie down. He commenced to vomit, and then asked for a cup of tea, which the steward or some one else brought him. He drank it off, but did not retain it on his stomach, and when night came he was in a high fever and quite delirious.

He kept his bed for four or five dayes, during which time he was sometimes delirious and sometimes he spoke quite sensibly, just as the fever increased or decreased in intensity. After this he got somewhat better, and was able to leave his bed and walk about in his cabin. He was so much better that he was able to write and do other light work. About the 5th of November he, however, relapsed and became rapidly worse. Late on the 7th he said to the doctor, "I am very much oblige to you for your kindness," and these were the last words he ever uttered in this world. The Captain immediately thereafter became delirious, and about three o'clock on the next morning of the 8th he expired. We buried him on the 10th at eleven o'clock in the morning, at a place on shore about one mile and a half from where the ship lay, and over his grave we reared a monument made of wood, upon which we affixed a plate with an inscription. This monument can easily be seen by passing vessels. After Captain Hall's death, Mr. Buddington took command of the vessel, and Dr. Bessels took charge of the sledges and everything connected with the scientific part of the voyage. The whole of the crew were at this time in an exceedingly healthy state, and we held Christmas in a comfortable manner. In the spring we started on an expedition for the Pole in two boats, Mr. Chester taking command of one, and Captain Tyson, assistant navigator, taking the command of the other. In the boat with Mr. Chester was Mr. Meyer, meteorologist, while Dr. Bessels accompanied Captain Tyson.

On the second day after the expedition started, Mr. Chester's boat was smashed up, but nothing daunted, he came back, and having fitted up the canvas boat, made a fresh start. They reached 82 deg. 5 sec. north, but after waiting about two months in expectation of the ice opening, they were compelled to return again southward. We had plenty to eat, and our only concern was as to the fate of our comrades on the ice-floe. On the 3d June, 1873, we left this place in the two boats, Captain Buddington being in command of one and Mr. Chester of the other. In each boat there were seven men. In the voyage southward we only met ice once, and that was off Northumberland Island. The rest of the time we were in open water, and had upon the whole very fair weather. When we came to Conical Rock, about twenty miles north of Cape York, we were delayed three days on account of the southwest gale. In two days afterwards, however, we reached Cape York, when we were discovered by the Ravenscraig. Mr. Schumann speaks in the highest terms of the kind manner in which they were treated on that vessel and on the Arctic, to which they were subsequently transferred.

The Last Rites of the Modocs.

The project of preserving and exhibiting the remains of Captain Jack, the Modoc chieftan, now under sentence of death, says a San Francisco paper, has been abandoned by Mr. Sherwood, the embalmer, on account of General Schofield's recent order that the bodies of the Modocs must not be mutilated after death. If the Modocs are allowed to follow the traditions of the tribe, they will burn the bodies of the executed warriors, and hold various savage ceremonies. When Curly-Headed Jack committed suicide at Lost River Bridge, several squaws of the Cottonwood faction attempted self-mutilation, and had not the officers relieved them of a case-knife the results would undoubtedly have been serious. The sentence of death being carried out in the case of Jack and his confederates, the mourning Modocs, especially the females, will be watched with extreme vigilance to prevent the plucking of hair and slashing of flesh. The rumor that the Klamaths are angry at the course of the Government is an absurd one. The Klamaths, as a tribe, have a strong dislike to Jack's Modocs, on general principles, the old hatred never having died out, and will witness the execution with as much satisfaction as any aggrieved settler of the Lost River basin.

Pay the Printer.

Lives there a man with nose so red
Who never to himself hath said,
"I'll pay before I go to bed,
the debt I owe the printer.—*Brandon Republican.*

Yes, there are some I know full well,
but they I fear will go to—well—the
place where there's no winter.—*Panola Star.*

You're blinded, *Star*, you're reason's dim, or, you'd not argue such a whim, e'en Satan bad would not have him who fails to pay the printer.—*Tupelo Journal.*

Quite as cool as snow in winter, 'tis to die indebted to the printer; our brother editors' heads are level—so mean a soul's sure to see the king of evil.—*State Journal.*

Unless perchance he should repent, in his last sad hour and order sent, all back dues to make him even, then surely he would get to heaven.—*Elmore Republican.*

We're glad that now the means are found to bring the back subscribers round; so, when you've run your course of years, pay, then at last your full arrears; but,—no arrears to have to pay is better far, we think and say.—*Land Owner.*

No Reason in it.

A fellow who, having gone pretty nearly through all the follies of life, took it into his head to hire a bully to do his fighting. He made a contract with the stoutest bruiser he could find, and they started on their journey down the Mississippi. At every landing the quarrel was picked by the one, and the battle fought by the other. It was tough work sometimes, but rather enjoyable. At last they reached New Orleans. On the levee they found a stout, brawny stevedore, and after some chaffing, a row was started, and the two began to pummel each other. They were well matched, but, aided by his experience, the bully beat the stevedore. 'I say, boss,' said his fighting man, 'I give up this job; you is too much for me! *I don't see any reason in that ere last fight.*'"

Then and Now.

While there is much instruction in this resurrection of a dead past, says the New York *Herald*, and some points of similitude in the general consequences produced in 1837 and 1857 with those now current, there is more of encouragement and confidence in comparing the different conditions existing in this year of grace 1873, this latest historic epoch in the world of finance, with those we were dependent upon Europe for our supply of breadstuffs; now Europe looks to us for both breadstuffs, and, in spite of all experiments, a full supply of cotton. In 1837 we had a currency depending wholly upon the credit of individual corporations, elastic, it is true, but too much so for the security it offered as permitting unlimited expansion, the real currency of the country, gold, being locked up in the vaults of the Treasury as surplus revenue. What wonder the infant giant grew weak and staggered under such a regimen.

In 1857 the same evil of an unlimited paper circulation upon a limited gold basis brought about a crash in commercial values, over-stimulated by redundant bank issues which the banks were unable to redeem. Europe shared in this revulsion through excessive speculation, and in reality suffered more than our new country.

How changed all this now! Our currency ($700,000,000), uniformly resting upon the credit of the country, one-half in direct legal tender notes of the United States, the other half national bank notes, secured by the deposit in the United States Treasury of bonds of the United States, the property of the banks. In the matter of breadstuffs and cotton we control the markets of Europe owing to the short crop there. Our imports and exports for the last year show a gradual reverse movement in trade, the former being below and the latter above the respective amounts of the previous year. Iron is just entering into our commerce as an article of export, inspiring a full expectation that it will ere long turn this balance in our favor.

Such are some of the great results we have achieved since 1857, and in the experience of the past week, an experience that has also its lesson for us, we find how much we have gained, and, while stimulated to go forward and complete the work of bringing confidence into monetary dealings, which we lost when we substituted the complete security of the national credit for that of mere local corporotions, we may be proud of the record, that in all this great revulsion in Wall street, there has not been one banking or commercial failure caused by insolvency. The banks, instead of precipitating disaster as in former periods of financial distress, have stood firmly in the breach occasioned by the smash-up of some weak railroad enterprises.

New York Millionaires.

Everybody knows how common a thing it is to over-estimate men's fortune's, especially when they get up into the large figures. A correspondent, who professes to have means of knowledge, asserts that most of the large fortunes of New Yorkers are thus exaggerated. He says the fortunes of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Alexander T. Stewart and William B. Astor are now represented at $100,000,000 each, albeit it is doubtful if any of them has half as much. Astor may turn out, with his lands and leases, to be worth $40,000,000; but Stewart will not be likely to foot up over $25,000,000; and Vanderbilt will be lucky to leave $30,000,000. George Law enjoys the reputation of having $10,000,000, though half that sum would probably be nearer the mark. Peter Cooper ought to be put down for $2,500,000, instead of $5,000,000; Horace B. Claflin at $5,000,000, instead of $15,000,000 to $20,000,000; E. S. Jeffray at $2,000,000, instead of $5,000,000; August Belmont at $2,000,000, instead of $6,000,000. If this be true, one cannot help sympathizing with the unhappy individuals thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty.

Hard Luck.

If you are in the habit of whining about your "luck," read this concerning the family of Mr. Jasper Baker, until recently a resident of North State street, Chicago: Three years ago Mr. Baker was a conductor on one of the North Chicago street railways, and the happy head of a family consisting of a wife and three interesting children. On the 4th of July his wife went to visit a sister at Aurora, taking the children with her. On the same day Eddie, her eldest child, a boy of six, while attempting to catch a ride on a freight train, was run over, and had a leg and a foot cut off. His little sister, a child of two, was so appalled at the sight that she was thrown into brain fever and died. After returning to Chicago the crippled boy was seized with smallpox and infested the rest of the family, including Mr. Baker's mother and sister. Mrs. Baker died, and her husband, not sufficiently recovered, in attending her funeral, took cold, and, after six months of suffering, died a few days since. Finally, on Saturday last, the elder Mrs. Baker received a dispatch summoning her to the death-bed of a daughter at Elgin.

Their Course Illegal.

Application was made to the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States for an opinion as to the legality of the action of the national banks in substituting certified checks in payment for their current indebtedness to depositors. The Comptroller promptly replied that the action of the national banks in entering into such an arrangement was illegal, and in direct violation of the National Banking act. Several parties, in consequence of this opinion, reported to the Comptroller that the National, Metropolitan and Second National banks of Washington had refused to cash checks of depositors, whereupon the Comptroller said that he was ready to entertain an application to put both banks in the hands of a receiver. The Comptroller positively declares that every bank that has substituted certified checks in payment of actual indebtedness at its counter has incurred the penalty affixed by the National Banking act, and that he is not clothed with discretionary power if such banks are reported to him. The banks of New York and other cities during the panic instead of paying out currency gave certified checks.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"I once boarded for three months," said Mr. Smith, "in a family where during the whole time of my stay the husband did not once speak to the wife, although they met at the table every day."

"Good heavens! what a monster he must have been!"

"Not at all. He was a very amiable man."

"Impossible!"

"And I think he was fully justified in this proceeding."

"Justified, Mr. Smith! How can you say so? A man who would preserve silence for so long a period must have a most implacable and revengeful disposition."

"But, my dear, there is one little circumstance that I forgot to mention that may mitigate the severity of your judgment. *The man was dumb.*"

"*Oh!*"

A Meeting at Sea.

There was a curious state of affairs on board the ship Sea Witch, Capt. Baker, which sailed from Liverpool on the 26th of August for New York. Fairly out at sea, Peter Lee and William Hartigan assumed the leadership of the sailors, who styled these the forecastle lawyers. Under their direction the crew revolted on the 4th of September. There was a constant reign of terror the rest of the voyage. Capt. Baker and his mates were compelled to set the sails and perform the most menial duties. Such of the sailors as opposed the munity were obliged to join it to save their lives. The crew were arrested in New York harobr and sent to prison.

Newgate Prison.

How Criminals are Treated in England—Mark Twain's Last Joke.

An American lady, who was being shown through one of the shows of London—Newgate—the other day, expressed herself rather forcibly to the warder concerning several features of the prison which hardly appeared to her humane. She was grieved to see the elaborate and new machinery for holding prisoners tight while they are flogged with the cat, stocks for holding their feet, and similar arrangements for the body and hands. The lady asked where the thumb-screw was. The warder innocently replied that they hadn't any. However, he must afterwards have pondered more profoundly over the sarcasm of the inquiry, for more recently another American lady, upon giving expression to a similar feeling about the resuscitated stocks, was sharply told by the warder that they had managed to get along there without flogging for many years until some Americans came over and began to garrote the citizens, and this was found to be the only way of dealing with them. The lady replied that it must have been because the English came over and took away their business, since American prisons were full of Englishmen.

"However," she added, we don't torture them."

On coming to the small alley in which executed criminals are buried, this lady—who is a good Quaker—shuddered at that, and the warder said:

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement on the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dread being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows."

The lady having suggested that execution was enough, the warder replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkable intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it?' said he; 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we are coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress.

"Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain."—*Cor. Cin. Commercial.*

A Colossal Enterprise.

Extensive as are many of the industrial establishments of our own country, we have no such colossal enterprise as that known as the Cast Steel Works of Frederich Krupp, near Essen, in Prussia. As described in a late issue of the *American Artisan*, these works appear to be of wonderful extent. They occupy an area of a thousand acres, and of this area two hundred acres are under roof. Seventeen thousand men are employed in the various departments of Krupp's establishment, in addition to some seven hundred officers and regular employees. The workmen and officers, with their families, occupy more than, 3,200 dwellings, and a large number of boarding-houses are also required for the use of the unmarried laborers. There are 414 mines belonging to the firm, scattered over an area of 50,000 acres. A printing office, a chemical laboratory, a photographic and lithographic gallery, two extensive hospitals, and a benevolent fund of nearly $100,000, are also a part of this extraordinary establishment.

Among the items of detail connected with the working of this enterprise, the following will be found worthy of note:

The quantity of cast-steel produced in the year 1872 exceeded 125,000 tons. This product consisted of axles, tires, wheels and crossings for railways; rails, springs and shafts for steamers; machinery of various kinds; boiler-plates, rolls, spring-steel, tool-steel, guns, gun-carriages, shot, etc. There are in the works now in operation 250 smelting furnaces, 390 annealing furnaces, 161 heating furnaces, 115 welding and puddling furnaces, 14 cupola and reverberatory furnaces, 160 furnaces of other kinds, 275 coke ovens, 264 smiths' forges, 240 steam boilers, besides 70 now in process of construction.

There are, besides this, 77 steam hammers, 285 steam engines, 362 turning lathes, 82 shaping machines, 195 boring machines, 107 planing machines, 42 punching and grooving machines, 32 pressing machines, 6 grinding machines, 31 glazing and polishing machines, and 143 machines of a miscellaneous character.

In 1872, these works consumed, of coal, 500,000 tons; of coke, 125,000 tons; water, 113,000,000 cubic feet; of gas, 155,000,000 cubic feet, supplied by the gas-works of the establishment, to 16,500 burners.

Dreadful Scene at a Fire.

The Paris journals report a destructive fire as having taken place at Saumur (Maine-et-Loire), recently, by which three lives were lost. The flames broke out in a house in the Rue Haute-Bierre, and all the inhabitants made their escape, except a family consisting of M. and Mme. Bergean, with their little girl, 13 years old, who lived on the third story. When they awoke, their retreat was already cut off by the flames, and the husband, wrapping his wife in a mattress, tied together by a rope, threw her out of the window. Unfortunately, the covering became loose, and the woman fell heavily upon the pavement, and was killed. The father then enveloped the child in blankets, and cast her down, but she also lost her life. He then tried to make his own escape by walking along a stone cornice, only a few inches wide, to a neighboring roof, which was a little below him, but the heat was so great that he was unable to maintain his position for more than a few seconds, and he also fell to the ground. The matresses which had been piled up to receive him were insufficient to save his life, and his spine was broken in the fall.

Wages Abroad.

Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for a workingman in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women there often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profit of the poor who keep petty shops, sell trinkets in the streets, or act as suttlers do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price.

Making up Lost Time.

It is such melancholy up-hill business, this working to make up for lost time or lost labor or paying olddebts! The ground does not seem to slip from under our feet; and like a horse in a sawmill, or Jerome Ravel with his famous ladder, we can't imagine how with all our effort we don't get on. "Jack," said a sailor watching a militia company, which had halted and was "marking time" to the music, "seems to me there must be an awful strong tide runnin', for them poor fellows has been *warpin'* there this half-hour, and they haint got ahead a foot yet!" That's it, precisely! The poor fellow with old scores to clear warps and warps, but the current is terribly strong against him, and well for him if he goes up-stream instead of down.

What to Tell Them.

At one time John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was before the Senate nominated as Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Smith Thompson, deceased, and David Henshaw, a noted Democrat, of Boston, for Secretary of the Navy. These nominations were held in abeyance for some time, and after a while Spencer and Henshaw became impatient, and sought to ascertain what their fate was to be. George Evans, of Maine, was then one of the most influential members of the Senate; and Albert Smith, who had been in the House of Representatives from the same State, and was then a sort of lobbyist and general agent in Washington, called upon Evans in the hope of gaining some information. He told the Senator that Spencer and Henshaw were concerned about the action of the Senate upon their nominations.

"Naturally so," said Mr. Evans, "and one of them must have sent you to me to inquire?"

"I came at their joint request. And now what shall I tell them?

"Well, Albert," said the Senator, "you may tell them this story. When the rich Mr. Clapp, of Portland, was at the height of his commercial career, about a dozen vessels loaded with molasses arrived from the West Indies and New Orleans in the course of two or three days. A majority of them were owned by or consigned to Clapp; and the smaller merchants did not dare to sell a gallon of treacle until he had fixed upon a price. After some days it was bruited about that he had sold one of his cargoes. Up comes one of the traders to gather information.

"'So, Mr. Clapp, you've sold the Juno's molasses, hain't you?'

"'You heard so down on the wharf, eh?'

"'And they are all anxious to know what price you got.'

"'Umph! sent you up here to find out, didn't they?'

"'Yes, they did. What shall I tell 'em?'

"'Tell 'em you don't know.'"

Smith left the presence rather crestfallen, and the next week Spencer and Henshaw were both rejected.

Something about Beef.

Two kinds of fluid are used besides broth, says Pierre Blot, to make soups —*milk* and *water*; but, although good, they are light soups in comparison with those made with broth. Butter is added when water is used.

Bones alone make a gelatinous broth, but not as nutritious as when used with meat. A pound of meat and bones makes a pint and a half of good broth; two pounds make a quart of rich broth. The more meat used with a certain amount of water, the richer the broth. The pieces of beef generally used to make broth are the leg, the shin, the neck, the round, and the chuck; other pieces are just as good, but they are dearer, and do not make more or better broth. Besides beef, the trimmings of pieces of veal, of chickens, turkeys, and Guinea-birds, are excellent to make broth; also the bones and what has been left of the same pieces after having been served as roasted pieces, and after having cracked the bones with a chopper. Any kind of meat or bones used to make broth must be fresh; the piece of meat or bird, the bones of which are used for broth, must have been roasted when very fresh. The least taint spoils the broth. Many epicures use every kind of game, biped or quadruped, with beef to make broth, either raw or the bones of such after having been served as roast pieces, especially such game as partridges and like birds, rabbits, hares, etc.; such broth has a gamy taste. Some go further; when they have made rich beef broth, they boil game in it to make it richer, and then make *consomme* with it. It is then real assence of meat, and very rich food.

The best utensil for making broth is an earthen pot; next is a copper or iron digester or kettle, well lined with tin. An iron pan lined with porcelain is excellent if the porcelain is not cracked. Any kind of fire is good as long as it is not too sharp, and will keep the pot simmering; it does not matter whether it is on a stove or range, in a grate or furnace, or whether it is a hard coal, charcoal, or wood fire. It is not necessary to be a thorough cook to make excellent broth, for care and watchfulness are the only two qualities required.

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ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

By the use of which *health* and *happiness* is restored to those afflicted with any *Lung* or *Throat* disease, such as:

Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption.

UNBOLICITED EVIDENCE OF 178 MERITS.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

DR. A. L. SCOVILL is the inventor of several medical preparations which have become very popular, and have been liberally used. Among his inventions are "Hall's Balsam for the Lungs," and "Liverwort and Tar." For the past ten years a letter remedy has been offered to the public. Read the following letter from DR. SCOVILL referring to it:

MESSRS. J. N. HARRIS & CO.,

Gentlemen: I make the following statement from a perfect conviction and knowledge of the benefits of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM in curing a disease called *Pulmonary Consumption*: I have witnessed its effects on the young and the old, and I can truly say that it is by far the best expectorant remedy with which I am acquainted. For Coughs, and all the early stages of Lung Complaints, I believe it to be a certain cure, and if every family would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of disease upon the Lungs, there would be very few cases of fata consumption. It causes the phlegm and matter to raise without irritating those delicate organs (the Lungs), and without producing constipation of the bowels. It also gives strength to the system, stops the night-sweats, and changes all the morbid secretions to a healthy state. Yours, respectfully,

A. L. SCOVILL.

"IT SAVED MY LIFE."

COLUMBIA, ALA., March 8, 1873

J. N. HARRIS & CO.:

Dear Sirs—I am taking ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a disease of the *Lungs* of thirteen years standing. I have used every remedy offered, and this is the only remedy that has given me any relief. It has saved my life last spring. At that time I commenced using it, and received immense relief. It stopped on my lungs in ten hours. You are at perfect liberty to publish this letter, for the benefit of suffering humanity, and with respect,

I remain, Yours truly,

D. D. POOL.

Such, my suffering friends, are the letters received daily, and do you not feel for a moment to give this valuable medicine. Be in time, and take to your home a bottle of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. You will find in it a glorious prize, and a never-failing friend in time of need.

CAUTION.

Be not deceived. Call for ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, and take no other.

Directions accompany each bottle.

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from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

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will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

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